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**AFGHANISTAN.**

IT appears that the order for the Russian Mission to Cabul was despatched to Tashkend on the same day on which the Treaty of Berlin was signed. According to a semi-official statement previously published, the negotiations with the AMEER were begun and continued in expectation of war; and it was at the same time intimated that, after the change of circumstances, a hostile policy would be modified or abandoned. The later version, diametrically contradicting the earlier, is probably correct. It may therefore be assumed that, in fomenting the disturbance of English tranquillity in India, the Russian Government intended not to prepare for an open contest, but to evade obligations, freshly and deliberately undertaken, by putting a pressure on the Power which was most likely to insist on the strict performance of the stipulations of Berlin. The ostensible, or rather the verbal, purpose of the mission was to make commercial arrangements with the Government of Cabul, and to thank the AMEER for his conduct during the Turkish war. If the official phrases have any meaning, it is implied that the AMEER had rendered some service to Russia, which could only consist in intrigues or preparations against the Government of India. Afghanistan had no means of otherwise interfering in the quarrel between Russia and Turkey. The AMEER's alliance with the hereditary enemy of the Sultan is a remarkable proof of the slight influence which religious connexion exercises in the present day over political action. It was known in all parts of Asia that the Russian invader was professedly engaged in a crusade against Mahometanism, and that the only aid which could be expected by the victims of religious ambition must proceed from England; yet there is no reason to suppose that the AMEER caused dissatisfaction to the most fanatical of his subjects by placing his forces at the disposal of Russia for the purpose of creating a diversion to the detriment of Turkey. It would be idle to reproach an Asiatic ruler with impolitic or unprincipled levity. Reproaches against Russia are also useless, and they could not reasonably convey an imputation of frivolity.

While the combination between Russia and the Afghan Government is not even disguised, some impatience may be justified when English politicians affect to regard the dispute as only concerning the AMEER on one side and the Indian Government on the other. The reception of the Russian mission was, according to some Liberal speakers, a legitimate exercise of the authority which belongs to an independent prince. The refusal to allow Sir NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN to enter Afghan territory was another sovereign act which, however unpalatable, cannot properly be questioned. It is certain that neither the Russian Government nor the AMEER at any time held the opinion which is professed by their English apologists. General KAUFMANN and his agents would ridicule the pretence of an Afghan policy which had no relation to England and India. On the other hand, SHERE ALI only invited or accepted Russian assistance in the hope of employing it against those whom he has long regarded as enemies. There is no doubt that some years ago, especially at the time of his visit to Lord MAYO, the AMEER had no inclination to permit Russian interference in his foreign or domestic affairs. It is a disputed question whether it would have been possible to secure and retain his goodwill by a policy different from the capricious series of changes which in fact occurred. At present it is absolutely certain that he tolerates Russian

alliance and patronage with intentions hostile to England. Whether he has yielded to Russian pressure or invited foreign aid will perhaps be better understood when the report of Lord LYTTON's native Envoy has been published. It is a tenable position that it might have been wise to take no notice of his ill-will, and of his diplomatic and military preparations for a contest; but to discuss the Afghan complication without reference either to the AMEER's objects or to the intentions of Russia would be imbecile, if it were not primarily factious. Some of those who have taken part in the discussion, while they admit and urge the necessity of securing control over the Afghan tribes, go out of their way to defend with a serene impartiality the political morality of Russia. It is, they allow, inevitable that a civilized Power should constantly extend its dominions at the expense of its barbarous neighbours. Encroachments have to be repelled and punished, and security must be taken for the future; so that the Russian advance, though it may conflict with English interests, is natural, and almost laudable. The same necessity justifies the resistance of the Power which finds itself menaced; but, even if collision ensues, neither party is to blame. The general theory may be sound; but the Afghans had not interfered with Russian territory, nor is it pretended that the mission to Cabul was required as a precaution against frontier outrages. The date of the mission seems to have been determined not by any local consideration, but by the conclusion of the negotiations of Berlin. Moral indignation is undoubtedly wasted on ambitious potentates; but, although it may be a waste of time and energy to prove that Russian policy is criminal, there is a practical advantage in ascertaining whether it is unfriendly.

The substance of the AMEER's letter transmitted by the Nawab GHOLAM HUSSEIN KHAN will probably be soon made public. The remark that the release of the English agent is a proof of SHERE ALI's inclination for a compromise conveys an unconscious illustration of the character of the independent Prince of Liberal meetings. A ruler who is believed to be deterred from a gross outrage only by considerations of selfish interest seems scarcely entitled to profit by strict observance of the rules of international courtesy. For the present it is unnecessary to inquire whether SHERE ALI would on occasion emulate the crimes of his half-brother AKBAR KHAN. The AMEER's domestic policy has conformed rather to an Asiatic than to a European standard. It is now reported that he has threatened his son YAKOUB with death, if a stab administered by YAKOUB to an Afghan chief proves to be fatal. The domestic tragedies of an Oriental Court prove that it cannot be dealt with in accordance with European doctrine and practice. It is possible that SHERE ALI may have proposed a compromise with or without an indirect purpose. According to a rumour which has since been contradicted, he was ready to meet the VICEROY at Peshawur, though he would not receive a mission at Cabul. If he had made any offer of the kind, it might have been confidently conjectured that he only wished to obtain additional time for preparation. The VICEROY might not improperly have met the AMEER at an outward post of English territory, if General STOLIETOFF had not been received at Cabul, and if Sir NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN had not been sent back. Any concession even in form might now produce disastrous consequences, and fortunately the Indian Government is not likely to commit this particular form of blunder. The object of delaying the English advance will apparently be attained

without any pretence of negotiation. The dimensions of the army are every day becoming larger, but the time for immediate invasion is almost exhausted. It is now said that the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF will force the Khyber Pass in the spring, while another large force operates against Candahar. It would therefore seem that the AMEER has no need of attempting to amuse the VICEROY by diplomatic pretences.

The rumours of the number of men collected by the AMEER at Ali Musjid and elsewhere are to be received with distrust, nor can reliance be placed on stories of desertion, or of adherence of various clans to the English cause. The Afghans in general will probably be inclined to take part with the stronger combatant, and at present they have not the means of estimating the comparative forces. Those among them who possess military experience, or who remember the history of the last war, will be slow to believe that any number of Afghan troops can resist a powerful regular army commanded by capable officers. On the other hand, faith may perhaps be reposed in the Russians, who now apparently possess the intimate confidence of the AMEER. The Afghans will not know whether Russia will venture on open war with England, nor can they rightly calculate the force which could in case of need be detached from Turkestan to Cabul. Of all the minutest details of English preparations and plans SHEER ALI will have the fullest knowledge, derived by his Russian advisers from the columns of an accommodating English journal, which will be much more serviceable to the AMEER than any intelligence department which he is likely to organize. The civilians who collect and publish information for the glory of their employers and for the use of the enemy cannot perhaps be prevented from continuing their scandalous task. If any official contributes to the disclosure of the military plans of the English Government, dismissal from the service would be a light punishment for his offence.

#### THE REPRESSION OF SOCIALISM.

THE German Parliament has at last passed the Socialis Bill, and the measure has not only become law, but has been put into immediate operation. Between thirty and forty journals, of a character obnoxious to the authorities, have ceased to appear; and one that tried to secure a happier and brighter existence under a new form only made the experiment to find that the first number of its new issue was also its last. Some political clubs have also received orders to dissolve themselves; and, especially in Berlin, Socialism is already being very effectually repressed. All repressive measures succeed at first. There are journals that can be stopped without any one missing them except a very limited circle of readers, little known to orderly society. There are clubs that can be dissolved which have been the resort of a few idle, noisy, or crazy loafers. A few mischievous persons whose names are almost entirely unknown to the public can be ordered to change their place of residence. It is only at a later stage that the wisdom of repression is really tested. But the Germans have come to the conclusion that they will have a policy of repression to test. Prince BISMARCK succeeded in carrying his Bill, not by obtaining, as he hoped, a majority at the recent elections, but through the fear and disgust which Socialism has excited in a large section of German society which cleaves in the main to Liberal principles. If Prince BISMARCK had not pushed this section in the direction of a Bill which placed Socialists out of the pale of the ordinary law, it would not itself have called for any departure from the maxims by which it holds itself bound. But when he insisted that a repressive measure was indispensable if society was to be saved, it could not make up its mind that he was altogether wrong. It was by the aid, not of the leaders, but of the mass of the national Liberal party, that the Bill was carried; and those who approached the measure neither quite liking it nor quite disliking it satisfied themselves with mitigating the rigour of its provisions. The chief concession they obtained from the CHANCELLOR was that the operation of the new law should be limited to a period of two and a half years. Some minor alterations were also made in the Bill itself; but the main element of the measure has remained untouched. This consists in placing persons whom the authorities declare to be Socialists at the mercy of the police, subject to an appeal to a new Court of eight members. This Court has now been appointed by the Federal Council, and consists

of four political and four legal members. The smaller States are adequately represented in the Court; but two of the jurists are Prussian judges, and Prince BISMARCK has ample reason for thinking that Prussian judges will always go straight. The Court will apparently have before long much to occupy its attention. The publishers of the suppressed journals and the members of the dissolved clubs will not think of appealing; but the Socialists have already announced that they intend to write on new topics and in a new way. They will occupy themselves with subjects that seem to be legally open to them, and will yet offer a field for popular agitation. They are going to take up public education, the regulation of the hours of labour, local self-government, the freedom of the press, and kindred matters on which, with a little adroitness, much may be written that can hardly be said to be decisively Socialistic, and yet that would seem dangerous and highly objectionable to Prince BISMARCK. It is by the mode in which writings of this class are treated that the wisdom of the new Bill will be tested. If they are suppressed, political life and thought in Germany will be for the time effaced. If they are not suppressed, the Socialists will have outwitted Prince BISMARCK. As the PRINCE is not at all the kind of person to stand being outwitted, it is probable that the police and the Court of Appeal will suppress them for him; and then, but not until then, the Germans who wish for political life and cultivate political thought will ascertain what the Bill has done for them.

It so happens that at the very moment when a policy of repression has been instituted in Germany, a policy of a character directly opposite has been triumphant in Italy. The popular movement in Italy is not exactly Socialistic; but it is of a kind that, as regards the authorities, is not very dissimilar from that going on in Germany. It takes the form of crying out that criminals shall not be properly punished, of crying out for a Republic, and of declaiming about *Italia Irredenta*. The line of the Government on these heads is not the line that suits its eager and foolish opponents. They dream of a glorious time when erring men shall be gently reformed, the contemptible pagantry of royalty shall be abolished, and Italy shall possess every inch of ground that Italians have ever trod. These opinions are very inconvenient to the Government. Pity for criminals tends to destroy the discipline of the army. The cry for a Republic is an open attack upon the Monarchy. The bravadoes about *Italia Irredenta* tend to alienate Austria and to create serious difficulties in the general diplomatic position of Italy. How should the Government encounter these inconvenient opinions? Should it repress them, or let them have their swing and leave them to die out? A difference of judgment on this head has broken up the Cabinet of Signor CAIROLI. Count CORTI and the Ministers of WAR and MARINE have resigned, the resignation of Count CORTI being partly due to the unjust unpopularity that rewarded his conduct at the Congress of Berlin, and that of his military colleagues being partly due to their indignation at discovering that hesitation was felt about carrying out the sentence of a soldier whose conduct had, according to the military code, involved the penalty of death. But it is understood that the retiring Ministers also strongly disapproved a speech lately made by the PREMIER, in which he intimated that, if enthusiasts liked to trouble the Government with foolish and inopportune cries for redeeming unredeemed Italy, they might do so, and the Government would calmly pursue its own course, and take no notice of them. At one time it was thought probable that Signor CAIROLI would also have to retire from office, and that his Cabinet would altogether disappear. But the young KING interposed with much energy and determination, and declared that it was useless for Signor CAIROLI to retire, as he would send for him again and again, and would send for no one else. He wished it to be understood that, if he was to be King, he would reign as a King who was not afraid of his people. The more a Republic was talked of the better he would be appreciated, and his subjects might be trusted to settle for themselves whether they would knock their heads against a stone wall by rushing at Trieste. That, if people talk and write enough, good sense will prevail over nonsense is the primary calculation on which free institutions are founded. To apply this calculation to a young, divided, and struggling country like Italy demands much boldness and much faith in the future of the kingdom. But, under the circumstances, it must have been applied or not; and if they are justified by success in determining to apply it



unreservedly, the KING and Signor CAIROLI will be recognized as having deserved well of Italy and of European liberty.

The Republican Government of France has also been trying its unwilling hand at the repression of Socialism. Exhibitions and Communism are apt to go together. The International itself was the offspring of an Exhibition gathering; and if working-men are supposed to have a peculiar leaning towards Socialism, a good opportunity of fostering their nascent inclination seems to be afforded when cheap trains bring thousands of them to a common place of meeting, and a lottery is got up really to give a piece of questionable fun to the public, but nominally to help poor provincials to see the grand show of Paris. The opportunity was seized by a fortuitous band of Communists, Socialists, Positivists, and excited ladies; and when they found each other out, they insisted on meeting in a number which slightly exceeded the limit of thirty, beyond which all meetings must be specially authorized. The Government could, if it pleased, prosecute them for the offence, and decided to do so. The accused, with the exception of two of the excited ladies, were naturally condemned, but the punishments awarded were of a very trifling character. The prisoners seem to have regarded their trial in the light of an agreeable outing. For once in their lives they could say what they pleased, and be sure that whatever they said would command attention. They could attack the Government, and dwell on the inconsistency of a Republican Cabinet which permitted Church Congresses and forbade the expression of the opinions of the poor. They could give themselves the subtle pleasure of stating, without the slightest foundation, that the trial had been instituted at the dictation of Prince BISMARCK. They could give an exhaustive exposition of their opinions, and could even debate interesting questions between themselves, such as whether a Positivist can also be a Socialist. As the most irrepressible of the ladies triumphantly pointed out, the Government seemed to have lost much more than it gained by the trial; and she is especially to be congratulated, for not only did she drive the judge wild by constantly interrupting him, and make a long and spirited speech defying him and everybody, but she happened to be one of the two acquitted, so that she got all her amusement for nothing. Certainly repression could not have taken a milder, or apparently a more ineffectual, form. There were obvious inconveniences in giving Socialists this gentle kind of admonition. But the decision of the Government to prosecute may nevertheless have been a wise one. The recollections of the Commune are still sufficiently fresh in France and Paris to cause a feeling of uneasiness if it could be supposed that the Government was allowing anything of the kind to begin over again. It is the law that a public meeting of more than thirty persons is not to be permitted unless it has received a licence to meet. These Communists happened to be very insignificant and unimportant people; but still they broke the law, and the Government had to decide whether, because it was a Republican Government, it would overlook the infraction of the law. It decided that the evil of omitting to enforce the law was greater than the evil of enforcing it. Two reasons may be supposed to have led to this decision. A Republican Government that seemed indulgent to or afraid of the Communists might have been distrusted, as likely to lead France into disorder; and, secondly, as the Government is constantly having to enforce the law against its clerical opponents, it had to avoid the reproach of unfairness if it did not enforce the law against those of its opponents who are very much the reverse of clerical. This repression of Socialism in France has been of so faint a type, and was so justified by the peculiar circumstances of the country, that it can hardly be taken into account; and it is between Germany and Italy that the real issue is to be tried as to the proper mode of dealing with inconvenient opinions.

#### SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE IN THE MIDLAND COUNTIES.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is generally trusted and respected, and he has the fluency and confidence which become a Parliamentary leader; but the effect of his speeches is diminished by a growing habit of facetious

affability. In his first Birmingham speech he defended the recent practice of himself and his colleagues by suggesting that it was necessary or convenient to attend public meetings during the Parliamentary recess. It is not a little surprising that when Mr. GLADSTONE himself has refrained from oral attacks on the Government, several of the Ministers should have taken occasion to defend their policy. It is seldom prudent to indicate consciousness that an apology is required; or, if it is desirable to remind the country that the Government is only responsible for a part of the late increase of expenditure, Mr. CROSS's figures were sufficient for the purpose. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, though he was not likely to exceed the limits of moderation and good taste, might have foreseen that some of his supporters would be less judicious. Captain BURNABY, who is endeavouring, by a hopeless canvass of Birmingham, to establish a claim to the good offices of the party in some other constituency, thought proper to contrast, in discourteous and exaggerated language, the systems of policy which are respectively represented by Lord BEACONSFIELD and Mr. GLADSTONE. It is probable that the persecuted minority of Conservatives at Birmingham may cultivate feelings of chronic irritation, and their chosen candidate might at another time have been excused for sympathizing with his supporters; but it was unlucky that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER should seem to be associated with a commonplace outburst of factious violence. He had himself spoken without undue boastfulness of the motives of the Government in concluding the Anglo-Turkish treaty. He was, he said, not certain that the experiment of improving the administration of Asia Minor would succeed, but he was confident that it was worth trying. He would assuredly not have accused the Opposition of baseness and cowardice in holding a contrary opinion. He reserved his reasons for hoping that the possession of Cyprus would be advantageous, perhaps because Conservative Associations were not fit depositories of State secrets, or possibly because there was nothing to tell. Two Cabinet Ministers who have started on a visit to the newest part of the Empire will perhaps on their return enliven their speeches by some information as to the value of the acquisition.

The most satisfactory part of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's first speech was the assurance that nothing has yet happened to prove that the Treaty of Berlin will not be carried into execution. The late movements of the Russian army in the neighbourhood of Constantinople and the insolent language attributed to high Russian functionaries have caused not unreasonable uneasiness; and the rumoured scheme of making General IGNATIEFF Prince of Bulgaria is not calculated to restore confidence. It must be assumed that a principal Minister would not declare the alarm to be unfounded or premature without sufficient reason. Of the Afghan war Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had nothing to say which had not been repeatedly anticipated. He conventionally professed still to hope that no collision might take place, although the Indian Government is concentrating a large army on the frontier of Afghanistan, while the AMEER has thrown himself wholly into the arms of Russia. If it was necessary to touch on the question before a popular audience, it might have been not inopportune to censure the factions and hasty attacks which have on this point been made on the Government without sufficient knowledge. The managers of the Birmingham Political Club issued orders to the affiliated branches to agitate against the Afghan war as soon as the rupture was announced. Several speakers at Liberal meetings have since affected to defend the conduct of the AMEER, as a lawful exercise of the discretion belonging to an independent potentate. An appeal to the patriotism and to the good sense of Englishmen would have been cordially received. There is a difference of opinion among high authorities as to the necessity and expediency of the war; but eager and unthinking adherence to the cause of every successive enemy of England implies habitual subordination of the national welfare to the interests of party. It is not a little remarkable that Mr. GLADSTONE has hitherto withheld his opinion on the Afghan quarrel. There can be little doubt of the conclusions which he has formed, or of the vigour with which they will in due time be presented to the country; but for the present he is content with a tolerant criticism of the less urgent questions of spiritualistic magic, grocers' licences, and conversions to Rome.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's observations on his own de-

partment of finance would have been more impressive if he had not selected 1856 for comparison with the present year. The rate of Income-tax was then, he said, sixteen-pence in the pound, whereas it is now only fivepence; but, as he afterwards admitted, the Crimean war only ended in 1856, and he might have added that the pressure of the House of Commons compelled the Government to reduce the rate before the year was over. It was more to the purpose to show that, if the taxes of 1856 were applied to the present state of population and trade, the revenue would be increased by 25,000,000*l.* There is an element of fallacy in the comparison, because it has been the result, as it was a principal object, of reduction of taxes to increase consumption and to stimulate industry; but the calculated increase of the public income under imaginary conditions is a striking illustration of the extent of the national resources. Of the present state of trade it was impossible to speak cheerfully; but Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was able to announce his belief that, notwithstanding the present depression, his estimates would still be justified by the year's receipts. Of the expenditure it is impossible to form an estimate as long as the condition of foreign affairs is uncertain. The Government has either not formed or not published its decision on the apportionment of the cost of the impending war between the English and Indian Treasuries. Even the expense of the occupation of Cyprus can only have been approximately ascertained; and the threatening demeanour of Russia has for the present prevented any reduction of naval forces. It is difficult, in the absence of official knowledge, to share Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's sanguine estimate of the revenue. There is too much reason to fear that, while the Excise becomes less and less productive, the Income-tax in January next will show a large reduction. Rents, profits, and probably professional incomes, have all been reduced during the past year; and the fullness and accuracy of returns, as well as the real amount of receipts, always diminishes with adversity.

Unfriendly critics will not unnaturally accuse Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE of having made a series of feeble, unsatisfactory, and partially delusive speeches; but almost all his statements may in some way be reconciled with facts. His mistake, if any, consisted in speaking at all when he had no important communication to make. Happily for the Government, three months will still elapse before the ordinary time of the meeting of Parliament. In that interval it is possible that some apparent dangers may have been dissipated, and that prosperity may show symptoms of revival. If the prospect of Eastern affairs becomes even darker than at present, something may occur to arouse popular indignation against a foreign adversary, with the result of producing sympathy with the Government. In the meantime the Ministers will consult their own interests, if not their own inclination, in leaving to irresponsible supporters the duty of answering Liberal common-places with equally familiar tautology. If an ordinary member cannot prove that the Berlin Treaty will be permanent, or that the Afghan difficulty was inevitable, his adversaries are equally at a loss for reasons in support of an opposite conclusion. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and Mr. CROSS disappoint expectation when they betray their inability to say anything new. Lord BEACONSFIELD is landably exempt from the common propensity to unseasonable talk. He said at the beginning of the last Session, in playful reference to his restless opponent, that the chief pleasure of human life is neither to speak nor to write. Perhaps Mr. GLADSTONE may have profited by a not unjust touch of satire. On the rare occasions of unavoidable appearance in public Lord BEACONSFIELD possesses an art which has not been mastered by his colleagues in the House of Commons. He knows how to speak mysteriously when there is nothing to say, or nothing which ought at the moment to be said. A fortnight hence, if he accepts the LORD MAYOR's invitation, he will perhaps know as little as Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE himself what is likely to happen in Turkey or in Afghanistan, but none of his hearers will leave the Guildhall under the impression that the PRIME MINISTER has opened out all the recesses of his mind. A Minor Asian mystery is more impressive, if not more instructive, than an open avowal of ignorance or of knowledge common to all the world. The skirmishes of political Greeks and Trojans are uninteresting when both ACHILLES and HECTOR have temporarily retired from the field. Nothing decisive is to be expected till their return, which will be delayed only a few days longer. Sir

STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has done his party little harm and no good. Without his intervention his party might have assumed that there was something to be said for the policy of the Government.

#### THE CITY OF GLASGOW BANK.

IT was beyond doubt that the report of the Inspectors would show that the City of Glasgow Bank had been very badly managed, that heavy losses had been sustained, and that a very serious liability would be thrown on the shareholders. But the actual result exceeds all possible anticipation. To the extreme of bad management has been added gross, audacious, long-continued fraud. The losses are computed by the Inspectors as not only swallowing up the whole share capital and reserve, but subjecting the shareholders to a liability five times as great as the capital they have lost. The total sum thrown to the dogs by the Directors is six millions and three-quarters, and this gigantic sum has been lost by a direct and persistent violation of all the cardinal principles of banking. The three questions which a banker has to ask himself are — to whom shall he lend, what amounts shall he lend, and what securities shall he accept? The answer to the first question on the part of the Director of a joint-stock bank ought to be that money shall not be lent, except with the most stringent safeguards and for the most strictly business purposes, to any member of the Board, or his partners, or any Company under his or their control. The Directors of the City of Glasgow Bank lent millions to themselves, their partners, and their friends. The answer to the second question ought to be, that the bank will distribute its risk to the widest possible extent, and will not go deeply into transactions with any one borrower. The Directors of the City of Glasgow Bank lent 5,700,000*l.* to four debtors. The answer to the third question is, that only securities shall be accepted which are capable of easy realization in the home market. The Directors of the City of Glasgow Bank accepted as securities tracts of land in Australia and New Zealand, and the bonds and shares of insolvent American Railway Companies. To mismanagement so extreme the Directors are stated to have added positive fraud, and their alleged frauds fall under four chief heads. If the report may be trusted, they, or some of them, so cooked the accounts as to conceal the amount advanced by upwards of a million sterling. Secondly, they so cooked the accounts that the bank seemed to have nearly a million sterling more than it really had. Thirdly, they raised money on bills that did not belong to them. Lastly, they made false returns of the amount of gold they held against their issue of notes, and pretended to hold 300,000*l.* more gold than they really had. Theoretically the bad management of the Directors and their frauds are distinct. It cannot be said to follow necessarily that Directors who lend to their own clique millions on rotten or unneighbourable securities will commit such distinct crimes as concealing liabilities, inventing assets, pawning the bills of other persons, and making false statutory returns. But practically the bad management and the frauds were inseparably interwoven. The frauds were necessary to cover up the bad management, and the bad management was itself morally, if not technically, fraudulent. The Directors knew that they were conducting the business in defiance of all principles and for the benefit of themselves and their friends; and the step from this moral position to that of falsifying accounts is a short and smooth one.

For the public at large the main question is how all this gross mismanagement and these gross and persistent frauds could have been so long concealed. To a large extent it may be said that this concealment could not have been possible if there had been auditors attached to the bank, unless these auditors had themselves been parties to the swindle. Auditors who knew their business would have absolutely prevented the invention of imaginary assets and the suppression of real liabilities. They would also have taken care to see that the returns of gold up to the date of the audit were correct, and they might have been able to trace the dealings of the Directors with bills entrusted to them for collection. They would have stopped almost, if not entirely, the frauds by which the bad management was eked out; but it is not the duty of auditors to inquire into the wisdom or legitimacy of the transactions of Directors in the way of



business. In the particular case of the City of Glasgow Bank a high-minded and honourable man would have declined to hold office as auditor when he found that five times the capital of the bank was being lent to four debtors either belonging to or connected with the Board. But in the discharge of his duties an auditor has nothing to do with the transactions of the Directors. They lend to whom they please, in such amounts, on such terms, and on such securities as they please. The valuation of the assets is certainly a point on which auditors are entitled to form a judgment, and the securities held by the City of Glasgow Bank were so ridiculously overvalued that no honest auditor would have accepted the valuation. So far, auditors can prevent mismanagement such as that of the City of Glasgow Bank Directors; but it is not often that auditors have such a security submitted to them as that of the shares of the Western Union Railway of America, which the Directors valued at 398,000*l.*, and which the Inspectors value at 2,000*l.* The danger to the shareholders of joint-stock banks is not that there may be mismanagement so gross as has been revealed in the case of the City of Glasgow Bank, but that there may be mismanagement less gross, but still most serious. If the mismanagement is not too gross, although it may involve the shareholders in heavy losses and liabilities, there is no real check on it, and it is quite impossible that there should be any. The only security of shareholders is in the character and competence of the Board. They are obliged, from the nature of the business in which they invest, to trust the Directors absolutely. No reports or returns ever tell shareholders more than general results, and they cannot do more. If shareholders were to be told the real secrets of their position, they must be informed who have been allowed to borrow, and what amounts, and on what securities. No one would do business with a bank that gave this information. No borrower would stand publicity being given every half-year to his financial position.

Banking must always remain a confidential business. The shareholders must confide in the Directors, and the transactions between the Directors and those with whom they deal must in the main be secret. What the shareholders in an unlimited bank do, and must do, is to trust that the Board will so conduct their affairs as not to ruin them; and it is highly complimentary to the Boards of such banks generally that shareholders are, as a rule, quite happy in running the risk of so great a confidence for the modest consideration of a return of between five and six per cent. on their purchase money. The shares of the City of Glasgow Bank were, on the eve of the failure, at 240*l.* for the 100*l.* share; so that, with a dividend of twelve per cent., purchasers were getting exactly five per cent. for their outlay. The risk they ran for getting this was, as is now known, that of being called on to pay up five times the amount of their shares, besides losing all they invested. Their confidence has been grossly misplaced, and they are deeply to be pitied. Ruin, misery, and gnawing anxiety will now be the inmates of many a modest and honourable home. Fortunately the Scotch law can be set in motion with a celerity and certainty which Englishmen may envy, and the Directors, Manager, and Secretary will have to stand at the bar of a criminal tribunal. It is very satisfactory that such punishment as the law can award should fall on those whom a verdict may pronounce to have deserved it; and it is also highly creditable to Scotland that, at the meeting of the unhappy shareholders on Tuesday, there was so strong a disposition shown by the sufferers to work for themselves, to recognize their liabilities, and to put themselves into good hands. But if we ask whether a purchaser who on the eve of the failure gave 240*l.* for a share was an exceptionally foolish investor, we can scarcely say that he was. He only differed from any one who purchased a share in any of the other unlimited banks of Scotland in that he happened to trust the wrong set of Directors. How was he to know? All that can be said against the Directors, apart from what has now been revealed of their doings, is that they were few in number, that they were not men of high social or mercantile standing, and that some of them affected an extreme and exaggerated piety. But it is often said with truth that a small Board of real working Directors is better than a large Board with its inevitable admixture of dummies; men who are not very high in the world are often found to have the keenest eye to business; and although Englishmen, with their elastic common sense, might have taken

alarm at a Director who would not read the Monday morning papers because they were printed on Sunday, in Scotland this might naturally have seemed a wholesome and even attractive fancy. The credit of the other great Scotch banks has not been shaken by the failure of one, and the shareholders in those institutions are in no panic as to their holdings. Experience has shown that joint-stock banking can be conducted safely, profitably, and honestly; and that able and honest men in a good position can be found to act as Directors. No one can doubt that the Scotch banks, as a whole, are in a sound state and well managed. That the shareholders of any bank will be content to remain without auditors seems improbable, or, rather, would seem so if shareholders ever took any interest in their affairs so long as they get a dividend. But, after they have got auditors, they still must rely almost entirely on the Directors; and the lesson of the downfall of the City of Glasgow Bank is that in one case in a hundred this confidence may be misplaced, and then they may be ruined.

#### THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

THE French may claim the credit of having made International Exhibitions once more respectable. An amiable delusion rendered to the first of the series the service which a political exigency has rendered to the last. The huge collection of objects of use and luxury which turned people's heads in 1851 was supposed to symbolize in the most natural and unmistakable manner the final abandonment of the arts of war. The Messianic prophecies were regarded as fulfilled over again in an assemblage of traders from all parts of the earth. They were drawn together, indeed, by no more theological motive than the desire to drive bargains with one another. But, as driving bargains was then believed to have taken the place of the more primitive institution of cutting throats, it became by comparison an almost religious act. To make purchases at the Exhibition came by this means to wear a semi-sacramental character. The buyer put himself for the time on the side of the angels, and preached, in the practical fashion which best suits modern ideas, peace on earth and good-will towards men. By the time that the second International Exhibition was held, the delusion that in learning to trade the world had forgotten how to fight, had been sufficiently exposed. If mankind had grown no worse by holding an unusually large fair, it had certainly grown no better. Neither its morals nor its goods showed any signs of that realized millennium which it had been thought that 1851 would usher in. There were as many wars as ever, and more adulterations. From that time people ceased to concern themselves much about the greater or smaller attempts which were made by one Government after another to give their subjects a more conspicuous opportunity of making money. International Exhibitions became something of a joke. They had been discovered to differ in only one respect from other forms of market overt; and as this solitary distinction was merely that they pretended to be something which they were not, it was hardly calculated to raise their reputation. But the Exhibition of 1878 has always stood on a different footing. When it was first proposed to hold it, Frenchmen of all parties at once perceived the political importance which must belong to it. International Exhibitions may be very trumpery things, but they cannot well be held in a country which has no settled Government. A large measure of peace and stability is indispensable before exhibitors and communities will spend the necessary money and incur the inevitable risks. Consequently, as soon as the Exhibition was determined on, the probability that it would be held became a subject of angry controversy. To prepare for it was to avow yourself a Republican, because it was to run counter to the primary assumption of the Monarchical parties that the Republic must speedily fall by its own excesses. No doubt it did require some strength of faith to make arrangements for holding an International Exhibition in Paris three years later. But it was a faith which went a long way to realize the thing hoped for. Probably the boldness of the Republican Government in taking for granted that in 1878 France would still be a Republic did much towards generating that confidence in the political future which has of late been so remarkable a characteristic of French public opinion. When an International Exhi-

bition was found capable of doing the country so real a service as this, its character was at once rehabilitated, and it became an important element in political calculation.

The creation of a sense of political stability is not the only benefit which the Exhibition has conferred upon France. As the time of holding it drew nearer, the commercial interests involved in its success became larger and more imperious. To neglect these was to incur the enmity of the commercial class, and this is a sacrifice which no political party willingly makes. In every suggested political move its probable effect on the fortunes of the Exhibition has had to be weighed. No matter what political benefits might follow upon a revolution, it was almost certain to be the ruin of the Exhibition; and in that character it would entail upon its authors the blame of all the injury to trade that this ruin might work. It cannot be known, of course, how much influence this reflection has had upon those with whom it rested to attempt a revolution. But it is allowable to suppose that it may have had its share, not only in deterring the Radicals from manifesting more openly their dislike to the moderation of the Cabinet, but also in inducing Marshal MACMAHON to yield to the Chamber of Deputies last December. To have persevered in the policy of the 16th of May would almost necessarily have been fatal to the Exhibition. A Government which has just had to resort to a *coup d'état*, a country which has just been proclaimed in a state of siege, are elements scarcely compatible with a display of international industry. If Marshal MACMAHON had finally put aside all thought of governing constitutionally, May 1871 would have been scarcely less suited to such a purpose than May 1878. The grudge which industrial France, and especially industrial Paris, would have borne against the author of so bitter a disappointment would have been deeper than any moderately prudent politician would have cared to be the object of.

The ceremony of distributing the prizes has been invested with a distinct political significance by the action of Marshal MACMAHON. The speech he delivered on the occasion was something more than the string of commonplaces which form the stock-in-trade of Cabinets when they make the sovereign their mouthpiece. The MARSHAL prepared the draft himself, or at all events had it prepared under his own eye, and then read it to the Cabinet. It is valuable, therefore, as expressing the sentiments, not merely of the Ministers who approved it, but of the PRESIDENT who wrote it. As such it is a valuable index to the part which the MARSHAL is likely to play in the events of the next two years. Marshal MACMAHON identifies himself frankly, and of his own accord, with the institutions which he is charged to administer. Instead of concealing or making little of the political aspect of the Exhibition, he gives it the most prominent place in his speech. He thanks foreign Governments and foreign nations for the confidence they have shown in France. He declares that the main end and object of the Exhibition was to show what seven years of labour had enabled France to do in repairing her disasters. The solidity of her credit, the abundance of her resources, the peace of her cities, the calm of her population, the training and bearing of her now reconstituted army—all testify to an organization which the MARSHAL is convinced will be fruitful and durable. The act of adhesion to the Republic could not have been performed more conspicuously. The MARSHAL has not only accepted the existing form of Government as indispensable, he has confessed it to be possessed of all the attributes which ordinarily belong to an established Government. Fanatics may cherish an abstract preference for a King or an Emperor, but the French nation is not likely to quarrel with a Government which is at once fruitful and durable. Frenchmen can now claim Marshal MACMAHON's authority for believing that the Republic is such a Government. This testimony may not be much in itself, but it is important as showing either that the MARSHAL has emancipated himself from the influences which have hitherto kept him a Royalist at heart, or that these influences or some of them have themselves ceased to be Royalist. It may be that the latter explanation is the one which comes nearest the truth. The Paris Correspondent of the *Times* has more than once declared that the present desire of the MARSHAL and of the MARSHAL's family is that he should be elected President for a second term. The fact that he prepared such a speech as that which he made on Monday, without consultation with the Cabinet, certainly points in this di-

rection. If he is to be the Republican candidate in 1880, he must convince the nation that he is himself a Republican; and in order to do this he must give evidence of holding Republican ideas which are of home growth, and not simply infused into him by Republican Ministers.

#### THE HOME RULERS AT DUBLIN.

IT is difficult to argue with agitators who are wholly indifferent to reason. The meeting in Dublin of the Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain was exclusively occupied in a display of enmity to the English Government and nation. The speaker who was most loudly applauded professed to exult in the decline of "the iron, cotton, and nearly fifty other trades," on the ground that it would "cause distress in Great Britain which did not exist abroad." That a blatant demagogue should use language at the same time wicked and foolish is not surprising; but it might have been supposed that an audience of persons professing to live in England or Scotland would hesitate to invoke ruin and famine on the country of their residence and choice. The Irish on this side of the Channel belong almost exclusively to the working classes, and in any depression of trade they are among the first to suffer. The same orator boasted that "already gentlemen's houses had been wrecked by angered and starving men, and the soldiers had been brought into contact with the people." The reference is to the outrage which unfortunately occurred during the strike of the cotton trade in Lancashire. If there had been an outbreak of cholera or yellow fever in Great Britain, the Irish declaimer from Glasgow would have congratulated the Confederation on the calamity; and the reporter would have had no need to modify his statement that the speech "carried away the meeting." The declamations against England which occupy the columns of the St. Petersburg and Moscow papers are not pleasant to read; but the Russians who cultivate national animosity are not living in England. The avowed object of the Dublin meeting was to arrange measures for controlling English borough elections. It is unfortunately true that some candidates, as at Newcastle-on-Tyne, are not ashamed to ally themselves with the professed enemies of their constituents and their country. It will henceforth be impossible for the most complaisant of political aspirants to pretend that they are asked to support an impartial inquiry into the merits of Home Rule. The Dublin Confederation makes no secret of its sympathy with the most extravagant Fenian designs. The meeting gave cheers for the ringleaders of the last rebellious conspiracy, while their leaders assured them that "the Irish in England, numbered as they were by hundreds of thousands, could do more than the Irish in Ireland for Home Rule." If the English in England allow Fenian immigrants to decide the fate of elections, they will deserve the contempt of the Dublin agitators, as they already are objects of their hatred.

It is apparently decided that the votes controlled by the Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain are to be placed at the disposal of Mr. PARNELL. The obstructionist leader is authorized and required, in distributing his patronage, to disregard both political principles and personal claims. When Liberals and Conservatives in any constituency are nearly balanced, the Irish vote is to turn the scale in favour of the candidate who may be most willing to promote the dismemberment of the United Kingdom. If he at the same time professes to rejoice in the decay of the cotton or iron trade, he will establish an additional claim to Mr. PARNELL's confidence. Pliable candidates have perhaps some reason to complain of the superfluous difficulties which are placed in the way of dishonesty and cowardice. It is also not improbable that the Irish agitators may overreach themselves. There is no English or Scotch borough in which the Fenians or Home Rule electors constitute the majority; and it may happen in future, as on some former occasions, that their adhesion will detach a larger number of votes from the cause which they support. At the last general election Manchester was the only place in Lancashire at which affected toleration of Home Rule was found profitable; and there a Conservative candidate had forfeited all claim to the confidence of the respectable part of the constituency by pledging himself to Home Rule as readily as his Liberal



opponent. In some countries voters who ostentatiously regard themselves as aliens might perhaps be thought unfit to exercise the franchise; but any attempt to exclude Irish householders from the suffrage would be contrary to English traditions and principles. Great Britain can secure to itself the Home Rule which the Dublin Confederation hopes to abolish by the simple process of rejecting all candidates who prefer their personal interests to the public welfare. It is useless to endeavour to convince Irish agitators, or the rabble which they mislead, that the separation of Ireland from the rest of the United Kingdom would convert Irish residents in England into helpless foreigners.

With the good taste and good feeling which the managers of the Confederation exhibit on all occasions, they took the opportunity of offering a personal affront to Mr. BUTT. The chosen leader of the Home Rule party, who has not yet been formally deprived of his office, received a lithographed circular announcing the meeting at the Rotunda, and a ticket by which he might, if he thought fit, obtain admission to the platform. Mr. BUTT's enterprise was intrinsically hopeless and absurd, and it may be doubted whether it was seriously undertaken; but, although he may have been a party to a delusion, he has not deceived or betrayed his followers, who were as fully in the secrets of Home Rule as himself. But for the largeness of the Conservative majority at the last election, the Home Rule party might have held the balance of power in the House of Commons; and to enable them to exercise Parliamentary influence, it was indispensable that their organization should be plausible, and their demeanour decorous. As it happened, the Government has been too strong to require their aid; and the Opposition had nothing to gain by courting a party which could not convert a minority into a majority. Mr. BUTT has done all in his power to disguise the helpless condition of the Home Rule section; but his proposals, whether they assumed the shape of Bills or of Resolutions, have been uniformly rejected. His want of success has encouraged the rivalry of unscrupulous competitors; and the mob has, as usual, supported the most reckless and violent faction. As a Protestant, Mr. BUTT has, perhaps, notwithstanding his ostentatious deference to the priests, not commanded their entire confidence; but it is not yet certain that Mr. PARNELL has succeeded in ousting him from his position. Ten members of Parliament, for the most part utterly obscure, attended the meeting at the Rotunda; and there appear to have been only two or three priests. It will not be surprising if the scandalous proceedings of the English confederates produce a reaction in favour of moderation and decency. Only the lowest rabble or the most extravagant fanatics can really prefer Mr. BIGGAR or Mr. O'DONNELL to Mr. BUTT.

It is not known whether Mr. ALFRED WEBB, who lately held office in the Home Rule Association, represents any considerable portion of the party. His arguments in support of the proposition that Home Rule is impracticable and obsolete may perhaps be adapted to a certain class of Irish intellects. In recommending his late associates to take an open and hearty interest in the politics of the United Kingdom, he thinks it necessary to conciliate the disaffected party by professing his goodwill both to Fenianism and to Home Rule, which he says that he approved as the next best thing to successful rebellion. He is now convinced of the impossibility of either mode of separation, in consequence of "the revolutions which science has worked in warfare." It is true that the Home Rule party always proclaimed its intention of attaining its object by peaceable and constitutional methods; but the assumption that exclusive reliance was placed on force in the background is candid and sound. Mr. WEBB declares that he is too deeply committed to Home Rule to change his opinions; but he recommends the rising generation to take the opposite course. More is to be gained, as he justly remarks, "by a few years of hearty union than by continuing to keep a Home Rule ghost in a garret to attract the crowd and frighten the Government." If other advocates of Home Rule are prepared to admit with Mr. WEBB that their project is mischievous and impracticable, their agitation against the constitution of the United Kingdom will not be formidable. Mr. PARNELL and his friends will continue to be troublesome, but they have already alienated all the more respectable members of the party, and the Roman Catholic clergy have not yet adhered to an organization which suspiciously resembles Fenianism.

The proposal that Mr. PARNELL should make a circuit of visits to English towns seems to have been rejected by the assembled delegates. The local patriots were perhaps jealous of a competitor who affects to be the leader of a party. They accordingly determined that there was room enough in Ireland for Mr. PARNELL's energies, and that he was not at present wanted in England. If at any future time he deviates into moderation, he will probably, like Mr. BUTT, be superseded by some more reckless rival.

#### THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.

THE revolving months have brought round the time for the Social Science Congress to hold one more annual meeting. Perhaps no gathering affords more pleasure to those who take an active part in the proceedings. The business of the Congress is to discuss matters of which everybody thinks he knows something; and those who are invited to address the Congress reasonably think they know more of these matters than their neighbours know. To superficial critics it seems as if these annual gatherings did not come to much. It is seldom that anything is said at them which makes much impression on the public. There is a general feeling that what is said may be true, or it may not, and that time alone can show its value. But it is not by the positive results of any one gathering, or even of all the gatherings, that the utility of the institution is to be judged. Its real use is to encourage a certain limited portion of English society in leading a particular kind of life. England is full of rich people, or of people in easy circumstances. Many of these people feel a strong impulse to do some kind of good, and to be of some use in their generation. But they have sufficient intelligence and instruction to perceive that it requires much thought and much knowledge to see in what way real good can be done. Dissatisfied with many things that they see around them, they wish to learn what remedies can be applied; and, when they begin to devise remedies, they find themselves in face of one set of puzzles after another. One way to overcome the difficulties they feel is to meet and confer with other persons in the same moral and intellectual position. They are thus forced to give a definite shape to their own opinions, and they have arguments suggested to them which they are obliged to meet in the best way they can. The pleasure which one man with a hobby feels in a solemn public conference with others having the same hobby is not only a legitimate reward for the trouble he has undertaken, but is a stimulus to perseverance. A politician or a philosopher who decides what shall be done, or who goes far into the subject by the help of genius, occupies a sphere to which the members of the Social Science Congress do not and cannot aspire. But in England politicians and philosophers must carry the public with them in order to achieve practical success; and it is one of the very best features of modern English society that the public honestly tries, as far as its lights go, to learn for itself what it is wise and right to do. Different sections of society discharge this duty in different ways. Some questions are so important and pressing, and affect all classes so obviously, that all classes form some opinion about them, and if the opinion formed is not worth much, it is at least formed on some amount of information. But when a public question is not very important and pressing, and is in itself of a dry nature, only a small part of society forms an opinion on the subject. Here, too, the particular opinion formed may not be worth very much, but it is of more importance to the country that a respectable part of the community should have tried to form as good an opinion as it can than that any special conclusion should be right. From very excellent motives many persons who are not very creative or original try to form as good an opinion as they can on such questions as the drainage of towns, the codification of law, or the economical effect of municipal loans. They like occasionally to meet, and their Congresses answer the same purpose to them which the perusal of a penny paper answers to the ordinary elector who feels called on to bring his mind to bear on such questions as how Bulgaria shall be governed, or whether an immediate advance should be made on Junroof.

This year Lord NORFOLK is the President, and it would be difficult to find a public man more exactly fitted for the

task. He has passed some years of office in a state of perpetual puzzle, and he has long brought a most amiable disposition and an amount of intelligence far beyond the average to the consideration of those minor questions which do not much interest the public or stir the House of Commons, but the right decision of which affects in a quiet way large numbers of people. But this is not all. The speech which he made on the opening of the present meeting shows that he has some special aptitudes which are not often met with in the same degree of excellence. The best qualifications which a President can display on such an occasion are the power of guiding, or the power of stimulating, discussion. A President may be able to speak the word of wisdom, to show in what direction discussion must ultimately lead those taking part in it, to anticipate and formulate the best results of the best thought. This is not the line in which Lord NORTON is fitted to achieve eminence. But a President may also stimulate discussion. He may make the minds of his hearers lively. He may set the ball of discussion rolling in many directions. The history of the human intellect has long ago shown inquirers that the two chief instruments by which mental liveliness is promoted are scepticism and confidence in hypotheses. To call in question things that have been indolently accepted as indisputable, and to throw down challenges to criticism in the shape of short, sharp maxims which seem like paradoxes, is to give discussion a new zest. In this line Lord NORTON is remarkably efficient—he disbelieves so many things, and believes others so profoundly. To the ordinary Social Science man it must have been startling to find how long was the list of the accepted results of Social Science which his President boldly called in question, and what simple remedies his President boldly pronounced to be all-sufficient. This amiable sceptic positively disbelieves in reformatories, in the advanced education of the poor, in long terms of penal servitude, in the reformation of convicts, in photographing criminals, in town embellishment, and in the conversion of a valley in which he is interested into a washpot for Birmingham. On the other hand, he has completely solved the difficulties which have hitherto oppressed the minds of the Social Science people who have pondered over the proper treatment of prisoners. The solution is in the highest degree simple, complete, and universally applicable. Lord NORTON is firmly persuaded that there is nothing to do with criminals but to flog them. A man commits a crime, and what is to happen to him? Flog him, and restore him to the society which mourns his loss, is the answer of Lord NORTON; and if he commits another crime, flog him harder. This inspiring suggestion can scarcely fail to set the Congress thinking, if it does nothing else.

The programme of the present Congress is a wide and varied one. Its Law department is to consider codification, summary jurisdiction, and titles to real property. Its Economic department is to discuss municipal loans, the best provision for aged paupers, and the causes of the present commercial crisis. Its Education department will occupy itself with the relations between elementary and advanced education, the foundation of new Universities, and the establishment of free schools. The Health department will take as its sphere public disinfection, the sanitary arrangements of private houses, and the effects of overcrowding. The latest born of the departments, that of Art, will be entrusted with the treatment of the more lively subjects of street architecture, musical instruction, and the establishment of local museums. The general public must be very hard to please if it is not gratified by the thought that the problems which these complicated and diversified subjects suggest are being worked out for it by a gathering of high-minded and intelligent volunteers to the best of their ability. They are forming our opinions for us, and we ought to be very much obliged to them. We are all agreed that something must be done in these fifteen directions; but we do not know what is to be done. The Social Science Congress tries to find out. Its members discuss, weigh, criticize the suggestions of creative minds, and reduce them to the compass of plain and sensible, if enthusiastic, Englishmen. Of course it somewhat affects our estimate of the value of their labours when we find the new President darkening our minds with doubts as to the value of so many philanthropic expedients which the teaching of preceding Congresses had led us to think invaluable. But we must go on as well as we can, and hope that Social Science Congresses will be more lucky for the future. Even when they err they do good,

and we may feel a patriotic pride in the thought that England produces every year an increasing number of gentlemen who, in order to do good, are ready to go to a provincial town and spend day after day in listening to each other reading papers on all manner of abstruse but important subjects, from Sir JAMES STEPHEN'S Criminal Code down to the advisableness of suddenly erecting queer red chalets in the middle of Bond Street.

#### MR. GLADSTONE'S LATEST LETTERS.

SOME enterprising publisher ought to collect in a volume all Mr. GLADSTONE'S post-cards and short epistles. His more elaborate papers in the magazines might, like the "pounds" in the proverb, be safely left to take care of themselves. They are at the best rather cumbersome essays in an art which the ex-Premier has never practised with distinguished success. In the realm of serious authorship he has many rivals, but as a writer of post-cards and short notes to strangers his powers have never been even approached. These slighter efforts, we may say, are the "pence" of Mr. GLADSTONE'S brains, and it behoves us to take care of them and to store them up for posterity. For posterity will find in them a very complete record of most of the insignificant movements of our time. Manifestations of human imbecility that would scarcely attract a less comprehensive mind have for him a peculiar fascination. Every little prejudice, as its hour of death draws near, seeks as its last solace a sympathetic post-card from Mr. GLADSTONE; and there are few that seek in vain. His sovereign mind has almost been entirely converted into small change, so that there may be alms for all. As each tattered and beggared applicant craves the charity of his intellect, he pulls a post-card from his wallet, and lends an attentive ear in readiness for the pitiful tale of the next vagrant that shall pass. ESAU, we know, sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; but even that was scarcely so woeful an exchange as for a great statesman to barter away his reputation for a packet of post-cards. Mr. GLADSTONE has given himself in pledge to the General Post Office. The facilities for correspondence which this establishment offers are as irresistible to him as was the gift of youth which MEPHISTOPHELES offered to FAUST. And, when once he is allowed to write, it seems a matter of comparative indifference to him on what subject he shall write. His brain is like the magic bottle, and the crowd are allowed to cry for any liquor they please. Nor in his case are the powers of the wizard ever found at fault. Like the cook in one of LEECH'S caricatures, who was of that happy disposition that she thought she could love any man, Mr. GLADSTONE meets with no form of ignorance for which he has not a tender corner in his heart. He is content to stroke with affection the long ears of every BOTTOM; but, unlike TITANIA, he has no hour of awakening. He never realizes that he has been "enamoured of an ass." He never suspects that the inquiries to which he so copiously responds may have even a more unworthy motive than that of drawing out the weaker elements of a mind that once belonged to a statesman.

We had thought, however, that Mr. GLADSTONE'S half-penny indiscretions had reached their limit. When he had written a card which read to most plain folk like an encouragement to a breach of the law regulating public vaccination, it seemed that there was little in that kind still left for him to do. But his is a nature fertile in resource, and of ungrudging liberality in the expenditure of postage stamps. In his lettered leisure he has found work ready to his hand that might possibly have escaped the notice of a mind less greedy in the matter of correspondence. Strange as it may appear, there were two aspects of our modern life upon which he had not yet touched—two feeble growths of the time to which he had not yet granted the light of his countenance. "A Brighton Gentleman" has reminded him of the one, and a chance copy of the *Whitehall Review* has served to awaken his enthusiasm for the other. Thus, by a happy accident, the whole world is allowed to know Mr. GLADSTONE'S sympathetic attitude towards the notorious imposture that goes by the name of Spiritualism, and to share his delight over the kind of intrusive and impertinent personality that has lately taken the place of serious journalism. "A Brighton Gentleman" cannot be reckoned among the early birds that have come to feed at Mr.



GLADSTONE'S door; but the great statesman with impartial hospitality keeps a worm for every bird. There are post-cards and short notes for all, even for the latest and the humblest; and "A Brighton Gentleman" certainly has no cause to complain of his reception. From this time forward Mr. GLADSTONE will probably be reckoned as one of the most eminent champions of the cause of Spiritualism. It is true he is not quite a professed believer, but he is in a condition that will doubtless be regarded by the gentlemen of the craft as favourable to belief. "My own immediate duties," he says, "prevent my active intervention." This, of course, is an excess of modesty, for we know that Mr. GLADSTONE'S duties do not prevent his intervention in anything. It is therefore scarcely fair to the Spiritualists that he should remain in what he calls "contented reserve." We should have thought contentment was one of those sluggish conditions of the mind which Mr. GLADSTONE would have despised, and "reserve" is surely the very last fault of which he could be accused. But he finds a corner in the post-card to explain to "A Brighton Gentleman" the source of his contentment. It is not that he is careless or indifferent, but that "he is without any fear that imposture will rule or that truth can be mischievous." A more heroic attitude cannot be conceived, and if "A Brighton Gentleman" had learned no more than that truth is not mischievous, he would have been amply repaid for his trouble. But, in fact, he has learned a great deal more. He has learned that Mr. GLADSTONE does not "share or approve the temper of simple contempt with which so many view the phenomena." His correspondent must not ask what phenomena; for although there was once, we believe, a printed edition of the Bible so small as to be capable of being passed through a ring, it would be too much to expect a full description of the phenomena of Spiritualism on a post-card. All that Mr. GLADSTONE can do is to distinguish the appropriate lines of inquiry. "It is a question," he says, "in the first instance, of evidence; it then follows to explain as far as we can such facts as may have been established." This is a temper which the Spiritualist will welcome with rapture. Nothing pleases him more than that his vulgar tricks should be raised to the dignity of phenomena; and that what innocent persons think they have seen at a dark séance should be taken as evidence endows imposture with a new authority.

But where the Spiritualists have got only vague and general encouragement, the *Whitehall Review* has secured a valuable advertisement. It may possibly be within the knowledge of some of our readers that that enterprising journal has lately been supplying the world with a list of what are called "Rome's Recruits." The inquisitive JENKINS had hitherto been content with accurate descriptions of costume, spiced with an occasional reference to the moral failings of the aristocracy. But the section of the public which supports this kind of journalism has, we suppose, become more exacting, and JENKINS has been compelled to pry further into the life of private persons. Seeing what he had already accomplished, there was obviously nothing left but religion, and accordingly he has hit upon the tasteful idea of arranging in a tabular form the names of all those ladies and gentlemen who have gone over to the Romish Church. Of course a copy of the number containing one of these lists was sent to Mr. GLADSTONE, and of course he is delighted with the notion. He is "glad they have been collected"; he is "further glad to hear they are to be published in the form of a pamphlet." But he does not limit himself to a barren approval of the scheme. He takes JENKINS by the hand and shows him how the thing ought to be done. What has been given is not enough, and, like the youthful OLIVER TWIST, the veteran statesman asks for more. "It would greatly add," he says, "to the value of the coming pamphlet if an approximate statement of dates could be made a part of it." Just as he was anxious to raise the Spiritualists' tricks to the level of phenomena, so now he dignifies JENKINS'S vulgar tittle-tattle with the character of statistics. He hopes, however, that JENKINS will "excuse this suggestion," and, apparently emboldened by that hope, he adds in a postscript that "it would be matter of interest to note (1) the number of peers, (2) of members of titled families, (3) of clergy, (4) of Oxford men, (5) of ladies." But why, we may ask, should either Mr. GLADSTONE or JENKINS stop here? Why should not Mr. GLADSTONE, on the one hand, move for a Parliamentary return, while JENKINS concerns himself with collecting further domestic details? Would it not, in Mr. GLADSTONE'S words, be

matter of interest to note how many of the converts were in love at the date of their conversion? whether any, and, if so, what number, had been vaccinated or had had the measles, or whether the rapidity of conversion was at all affected by a changing barometrical pressure? If Mr. GLADSTONE'S "immediate duties" allowed him the necessary leisure, we can see here a rich field for the display of his energies. As it is, however, we expect he will be burdened with communications of a like character. Where the *Whitehall Review* has succeeded others will not be slow to follow. Advertising wine merchants ought to take the hint, and forward him a tabulated list of their customers, showing the gradual decrease of gout under the influence of dry sherry; while enterprising grocers might perhaps induce him to preface their price-list with a few remarks on the advantages of egg-flip.

But, after all, it seems a pity that we should have no better employment for our retired statesman. It is difficult to believe that there is no alternative between directing the destinies of a great nation and penning post-cards which have the effect of encouraging vulgarity and imposture. If Mr. GLADSTONE suffers from a morbid activity of mind, at least he can exercise his faculties in a worthier manner. Better by far that he should return to his Homeric studies, or continue to supply the magazines with essays on theology, than that he should be made the cat's-paw of every rotten cause that chooses to claim his advocacy. Those who respect his great powers will feel most acutely the damage that he thus inflicts upon his fame; and even his bitterest enemies could scarcely desire for him a more trivial occupation.

#### WORDS AND THINGS IN SCHOLARSHIP.

SOME weeks ago we called attention to certain evils from which scholarship has been suffering in this country for some generations, and to which we have at last become alive. An excessive and exclusive pursuit of verbal knowledge has smitten our studies of Greek and Roman literature with barrenness and unreality. English Universities and public schools have gone to work as if the sole object of a classical education were to breed grammarians and editors. The result is that we do breed a certain number of experts in classical grammar and philology at an enormous cost, and dishearten or wholly repel many learners, who depart unsatisfied with a mere smattering of Latin and Greek, but whom a wider and more rational treatment of classical studies might have enriched with knowledge and ideas of permanent value. Even our trained scholars can make full use of what they have learnt only by finding out for themselves as best they can (and in the absence of special opportunities that will be but slowly and imperfectly) many things which ought to have come to them hand in hand with their training in the languages. It is the commonest knowledge that for the illustration of the life and character of a people its arts are fully as important as its literature. This is the more eminently true in proportion as literature is less voluminous and less generally diffused, and it is therefore even more indispensable to bear it in mind concerning ancient nations than concerning modern ones. Again, the intimate connexion of literature with the fine arts has been abundantly dwelt upon and discussed; and it is allowed by all scholars that in the golden age of Greek literature and art that connexion was more perfect and subtle than it has been in any other age or country. What is true of Greek art and literature, or of the Roman following of them, at their best, is also true, with the necessary qualifications, of the Græco-Roman cultivation of arts and letters which was continued for a much longer time, and on the whole with much more creditable results, than the present fashion of scholarship allows most of our students to discover. Yet, knowing this to be so, we devote large endowments and immense labour to imparting a minute knowledge of Greek and Roman books, and do absolutely nothing for the systematic knowledge of Greek and Roman art, a knowledge without which the books lose half their meaning.

At this day it is quite possible for an English youth to take the best prizes of a public school, and proceed to high classical honours at Oxford or Cambridge, without having so much as set his foot in the British Museum. Not only this, but if he takes a fancy to learn more of classical art than he can learn from his Dictionary of Antiquities, he must go out of his way to do it. Not that we mean to disparage the Dictionary of Antiquities, which is itself an improvement of pretty modern date. Intelligent use of such books is an excellent thing as far as it goes. We should like to see more such books, and more use made of them; but it should be considered as only leading the way to converse with the ancient world in the monuments themselves. Meanwhile the student who feels a desire for such converse has hitherto met with no kind of encouragement from the authorities who have the practical control of classical education in this country. The munificence of private benefactors has provided his University with a certain number of casts, coins, vases, and miscellaneous antiquities. He may go and look at them if he likes; but nobody will much care whether he does or not; and, if he does go, he will find no one to

explain to him what there is to be looked for. It will depend in great measure on the individual zeal and energy of one or two persons whether the collection is even decently arranged. Everything proclaims absolute indifference to the acquisition of this kind of knowledge, while verbal scholarship is fostered by prizes without number. Examiners take no account of archaeology; it may count indirectly in some ways; but no certain value can be put upon it. And under our present system of examinations this is equivalent to positive discouragement. The natural result is that art and archaeology are entirely neglected; and the great majority of Englishmen who go through the course of so-called classical education remain in utter ignorance of that which might have enlarged their horizon of sense and mind and enriched their lives with lasting pleasure and refinement. Knowledge of Greek and Roman art is left aside as a kind of idle luxury; and such knowledge of the literature as has been acquired, having no living root, withers and drops off. We believe that in a very great number of cases nothing is left but the general moral results of the grammatical discipline which is only one element, and not the most characteristic or important one, of classical studies as they should be. If positive evidence of the working of our present system be required, it is not difficult to find it. England is the country where Latin and Greek are studied most minutely and by the largest proportion of the educated classes; and it is also the country which in the last half-century has done least, in proportion to its resources, for the knowledge of Greek and Roman antiquities. There is, indeed, a strange degree of ignorance, even among scholars, of the amount of work of this kind which has been accomplished in our own times, and still more of what remains to be done. Only a great find, like that of the German expedition to Olympia, commands any attention among our educated public, and that is for the most part of a languid sort. One is positively ashamed to think of the jubilation there would have been in the whole world of letters and art if the Olympian treasures had been laid open in the sixteenth century.

We have spoken in the present tense of drawbacks that have existed till within the last few years, the English language not being capable of definitely expressing a *paulo-proterite* or transitional state of affairs. But there is reason to believe that the Universities, or at any rate some of the more active spirits of the Universities, are on the point of stirring in the matter; and we wish all possible success to the adventure. The particular form it may assume must be the subject of careful consideration; but the means will hardly be wanting when the importance of the purpose is recognized, and examples or suggestions are ready to hand in the systematic attention already given to archaeology in France and Germany. Cambridge is making a beginning with the Fitzwilliam Museum, which has a collection already capable of serving as a nucleus for systematic instruction in ancient art. Its work is for the present in the condition of individual enterprise, but Professor Colvin is doing with existing means all that individual enterprise can do. The old collections have been rearranged so far as space allowed, and new copies of selected antiquaries are being added. In particular, copies have been procured from Berlin of the greater part of the recently discovered Olympian sculptures, an undertaking in which Cambridge has been foremost in England. By the time that the study of Greek art can be organized to any useful extent, it may be hoped that the materials for it will be in a forward state of preparation.

All this while we have left out of account a certain sort of persons whom we could wish to believe very few; but we fear there are, in fact, a good many of them, and no fervency of wishing will diminish the number. These are the people who suppose that art in general, and ancient art in particular, does not require or deserve any systematic study at all. In their view, all that one has to do to learn everything worth knowing is to walk into a museum and look about one, dwelling on this or that object as fancy may decide. A person who resolutely confines himself to this kind of acquaintance with art will never know what he loses, and may continue, in spite of all warning, to believe that he loses nothing. The best, and probably the only, cure for this state of mind is to spend an hour or two in a museum with a man who does know something of the matter, and has the gift of imparting his knowledge. If that produces no effect, the case must be pronounced one of invincible ignorance. It is not unnatural that people who have been brought up in the belief that art is a mere plaything—or less than a plaything, for play has its rules and systems, and elaborate ones too—should cling to a doctrine which it might cost them some trouble to abandon. But even these may be brought to see that, with moderate forethought and trouble, the rising generations of English boys and men may be taught something much better. It is hardly rash to prophesy that the necessary pains will be found to be a good investment even from the schoolmaster's least exalted point of view. For all improvements in education which quicken the pupil's interest in his studies are found, if they demand more knowledge, appliances, and ingenuity on the teacher's part at the outset, to save labour in the end. To reduce to a minimum the distasteful and mechanical part of teaching has always been the aim of reformers. We have object-lessons, the seeing and handling of real things, made a prominent part of recent schemes of primary education from the Kindergarten upwards. When we come to the age for classical studies, the monuments of classical antiquity offer us ready-made a series of object-lessons of the most perfect kind, and we are only just finding out that it is worth our while to use them.

It is much to be wished that a more free and lively study of

Greek and Roman civilization could be further aided by an effectual reform in our present most barbarous fashion of pronouncing the languages. A reformed Latin pronunciation was introduced a few years ago at Cambridge, but the change was not taken up with any thoroughness, and has now been for all practical purposes allowed to drop. We believe it is much the same at Oxford; and indeed it can hardly be expected that young men who have been brought up in a slovenly pronunciation at school should not be loth to take the trouble of acquiring a less easy one at college. The reform, if it is to be lasting, must be begun in the schools and work upwards. Something is being done in that way, but chiefly, if not exclusively, in the more modern of our public schools, and we fear not with much effect. The fact is that more skill and pains are needful for the purpose than most teachers have to give to it. Not merely change of sound, but change of scale and intonation, is wanted. We shall hardly make Latin produce the effect of a living language on the ear if we are content with shuffling the vowel-sounds and hardening our *c's* and *g's*. It is a comparatively light thing whether the British schoolboy shall go on pronouncing *cenas* so that a Continental scholar would think he meant *sinas*, or shall pronounce it as he now does *cenas*. He should be taught to open his mouth for every vowel and round off every consonant, and not to slur unaccented syllables or suppress the force of double consonants as we do now. With our present fashion of treating Latin consonants, prosody becomes quite arbitrary. As things now are we make no difference between *cānis* and *cānis*; we shall have amended a little, but not very much, if we make these distinguishable, but leave *cānis* undistinguishable from *Carnis*. Not that any Continental nation, excepting Italy, is much better off than we are in these particulars; French Latin, especially ecclesiastical Latin, is but little more agreeable than English. But if we are to reform, we had better reform thoroughly. We should ourselves be inclined to say that the choice is between Mr. Munro's full programme, as explained by him in a pamphlet some years ago, and nothing; reserving, however, a little concession to human weakness on the point of the *v*, for which we should like to be allowed to take the German (instead of English) *w* as a compromise. For Greek nothing whatever has been done, or seems likely to be done. Yet our barbarism is here much worse than in Latin, where at all events we have got the accentual stress right enough, with a few exceptions in detail, such as the enclitic *que*. But in Greek we know that we have got both the sounds and the accentuation hopelessly wrong. Cicero might possibly recognize the general rhythm of his periods in an English mouth, though the sound would be strange. The modern Italian reading would seem to him, so far as one could guess, provincial and slovenly; but he would probably find it intelligible. Demosthenes would certainly take our reading of his orations for anything sooner than Greek; what he would make of them in a modern Athenian's delivery is uncertain, but we think he would at any rate know that it was meant for Greek. Unfortunately no one has yet succeeded in so reconstructing the classical pronunciation of Greek as to command very general assent. Our own suggestion—though we fear nobody will give ear to it—would be to adopt provisionally the modern Greek pronunciation, which is at all events regularly descended from the ancient one. It cannot well differ from the speech of Demosthenes, or at most of Plutarch, much more than ours does from the speech of Chaucer. What should we think of a German scholar who persisted in reading Chaucer or Shakspeare like German because it is a known fact that the pronunciation of English has undergone considerable changes? This is precisely what we have done ever since the Reformation in the case of Greek. But we fear we are pleading a desperate cause.

#### THE AMMERGAU PASSION PLAY AND THE ROYAL AQUARIUM.

EFFRONTERY is one of those qualities to which it would seem impossible to assign a limit. Its achievements are so astounding, and the forms in which it appears are so constantly changing, according to the changing conditions of modern life, that language is powerless to define its essence or to track its course. All we can hope to do in our helplessness is to mark its most eminent exponents as they arise, and to take care that, in this matter at least, the world should not be permitted to remain in ignorance of its greatest men. We may not, perhaps, be able to do justice to their daring; but we can at any rate in all humility record our profound admiration of the extent of their resources. This is what we feel impelled to do in the case of the manager of the Royal Aquarium. Having failed in what he had planned, a careless and ungrateful public might be disposed to give little heed to the rare qualities he has displayed. Such neglect, however, would be neither just nor generous. Effrontery, like any other virtue, ought to be reckoned its own reward; and accordingly we should measure its worth, not by the sordid standard of practical success, but by the originality and courage required for the adventure. It is obviously not Mr. Robertson's fault that his efforts have not received due recognition. A man who is thus born before his time must learn to tolerate the dullness and decency of his age. He must bear with little weaknesses of refinement and good taste which he may hope in time to cure. He must be patient, even when heartless critics mistake for keen mercantile enterprise efforts directed by a combined feeling for religion and art. Even the manager of Drury



Lane was cruelly misunderstood when he wanted to "co-operate" with the Church Congress; and Mr. Robertson, therefore, need not be greatly cast down because a scoffing generation does not immediately appreciate his desire to assimilate the Royal Aquarium to St. Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey. The idea was so novel, and we may add so bold, that the multitude which had conceived a very different idea of the functions of the Aquarium was fairly taken by surprise.

But although the manager of the Aquarium must bear up like a man against the bullets of fortune to which all great original minds are exposed, we cannot but admit that there is a special pathos in his story. His crusade in the cause of religious art, which has proved so strangely unacceptable to the public, had not been undertaken till nearly every other resource was exhausted. For long he seems successfully to have suppressed the natural bent of his own genius, and to have tutored his conscience to endure profane sorts of entertainment. He had filled his tanks with fish, and he had even succeeded in tempting a real whale to end its brief existence within the walls of his establishment. He had tried snakes and snake-charmers; he had done his best to set off to advantage the doubtful attractions of Esquimaux and reindeer. Dauntless conjurors, holding possession for a while of the stage that was destined for another purpose, had swallowed and disgorged the lengthiest swords and the thickest walking-canes; heavy weights had been lifted by heavy men; and agile acrobats had shown to a wondering public all the possible contortions of the human frame, while twice in each day, as a crowning achievement, a young woman had been shot from a gun or had leapt from the roof of the building to be caught in a net below. Now that we know what he intended to do for the good of the world, we can imagine how stale, flat, and even perhaps unprofitable, all these weary trivialities must have seemed to the high-souled manager. But, with the patience that becomes a great purpose, he waited his opportunity, and at last there appeared in the public journals an announcement which from its length and elaboration would seem to have embodied the dream of his managerial career. The very opening sentence of the advertisement conveys an adequate impression of the spirit of intense enthusiasm with which the new departure had been made. Money is but dross, we may suppose, in the eyes of the manager of the Aquarium, when the interests of art or religion are at stake, for he tells us that it was only "at an enormous expense" that he had succeeded in concluding "arrangements" with "the world-famed and original mountaineers of the Ober-Ammergau, who for the first time have been induced to leave their homes in order to present in England at the Royal Aquarium a series of those marvellous living tableaux representing the most striking incidents of Man's Fall and Redemption." It must have been a shock to Mr. Robertson's feelings to discover that these simple "mountaineers" could not be persuaded even by him to take part in so good a work without "enormous expense," but it must have been a still greater surprise and disappointment to observe the indignation with which every section of the public received his announcement. For a while, with a touching reminiscence of his unregenerate days, he tried to take comfort in the thought of the "large demands already forwarded for reserved seats"; and even in the letter announcing the abandonment of the cherished scheme, he still plaintively returns to that "demand for seats far exceeding even the limits of my vast auditorium," which, together with the approbation of his own conscience, appear to be now the only solace left to him. And yet, even in the bitterness of disappointment, there is no trace of unbecoming anger. That the public should be incredulous as to the strength of the devotional spirit with which the entertainments at the Aquarium are conducted strikes him rather with amazement and sorrow. He has "yet to learn that piety and reverence are necessarily confined to the circumscribed limits of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey"; and he cannot conceive that these "living tableaux" would not be "accepted in the spirit with which they are presented." The second letter, it must frankly be confessed, is not quite so edifying. Here the fervid soul, thoughtless about "enormous expense," and anxious only for the religious reputation of the Aquarium, seems in the moment of trial suddenly to revert to thoughts of the fish-tanks and the snakes. The simple enthusiast in the cause of sacred art is transformed, as he himself expresses it, into "too wise a tactician to alienate by any act of mine" even a section of that mighty paying public which "has made the Royal Aquarium under my management the most popular resort for old and young of all sects." We can fancy Mr. Robertson smiling through his tears as he penned this last sentence. Baffled in his noble endeavour to vindicate the claims of religion in Westminster, his thoughts instinctively return to business; and to his bruised and broken spirit it must surely have been some little comfort to reflect that, had it not been for the "original mountaineers," he would never have enjoyed the opportunity of advertising the Aquarium gratuitously in the columns of the *Times*.

After all, if Mr. Robertson has failed, it is because he has tried what others would scarcely have dared to try. This is an unquestionable distinction which, by his spirited action, he has contrived to secure for the Royal Aquarium. As an attempted outrage upon good taste the experiment will probably long remain without a rival, and it was so boldly conducted that we must confess to a feeling of surprise at its unsuccessful termination. For we have so far implicit confidence in Mr. Robertson's judgment as to

believe he had rightly gauged the taste of a portion of his public. Had he not been molested, we have no doubt that he would have more than recouped the "enormous expense" of which he speaks. There is, we are ashamed to think, scarcely any kind of impudent endeavour to gain notoriety that would not be rewarded by public curiosity; and it is therefore with a sense of very great relief that we have to welcome in this case the assertion of a higher and more cultivated order of public opinion. For once, at least, good taste and good feeling have been allowed to prevail, and to those who, like Mr. Robertson, may be tempted to think that these finer influences are now powerless the warning to be derived from his failure may not be without its use. It may possibly serve to discourage other attempts of the same kind, and it will doubtless cause even the most enterprising spirits to pause before they give deliberate offence to the right-thinking in every section of the public. In this case, unfortunately, it is difficult to feel assured that the offence touches the English public alone. The last representation of the passion play at Ober-Ammergau was fully described in these columns, and we then expressed a hope that those simple peasants, whose intense sincerity carried the performance far beyond reproach or ridicule, would steadfastly resist all inducements to shorten the fixed term of ten years between one representation and another. But, if Mr. Robertson has rightly informed the public, our hope has been disappointed. If—as he states to be the fact—these men and women are "the original and world-famed delineators," then he undoubtedly deserves the credit of having done what most persons of good feeling would have wished not to do. He has, in short, at "enormous expense," overcome the better feelings of the Ammergau peasants, inducing them to take up as a trade what had hitherto been done in the exercise of a devotional spirit. But it is just possible that he did not intend his words to be so strictly interpreted. A mind accustomed to express itself through the medium of advertisements may perhaps fitly claim the licence that we readily grant to a poet; but in that case a very gross injustice has been done to the men and women who performed at Ammergau. This is a question which Mr. Robertson could very easily set at rest by publishing the names of the intended performers. Indeed we were surprised to observe that the advertisements, so ample in other respects, did not contain a list of the names. The mere description of the actors as "original mountaineers" is a little vague. We scarcely know, indeed, what sort of person an "original mountaineer" can be. Is it that he ascends mountains in a distinct and individual manner, or that he is the earliest representative of the profession of mountaineering? This element of mystery in Mr. Robertson's language leaves us with a lingering hope that he did not intend to be prosaically accurate in his description of the troupe. It would certainly be a comfort to know that the men who performed at Ammergau were not mixed up in this discreditable business. There are, we believe, a number of strolling players in South Germany quite ready to do what the manager of the Aquarium wanted. Let us hope, then, that he himself has been deceived, and that he has been put to "enormous expense" by tacticians even wiser than himself. In the meanwhile his attention has doubtless been called to the telegram which appeared in yesterday's *Times*, purporting to come from the Burgomaster of Oberammergau, declaring that no man of Ammergau is concerned (*betheiligt*) in the business, and summarily denouncing the "Oberammergauer Passions-vorstellungen Theater Aquarium Humburg."

#### THE INDIAN ARMY.

THE preparations now being made for service beyond the Indian frontier will be useful if they only result in attention being given to the organization of the Indian army, which in the opinion of many competent judges stands in urgent need of reform. For one thing, the fact may come the sooner to notice which must be recognized earlier or later, that what is called the Madras army is really of no use whatever except to do duty in Burma, and to act as a sort of expensive military police over the South of India. When the officers of that army are themselves found offering opinions which, if less plainly expressed, are to the same effect, there is evidently not much left to be said. For years past every one conversant with the facts knows that we have been keeping up an effete force which has long survived its utility, merely out of deference to the interests of the officers concerned; but there has been a sort of tacit agreement on all sides not to look the thing in the face, and to say nothing unpleasant about it. But now that the Indian army is likely to be needed for real use, it will hardly be wise to shirk plain speaking any longer. No one would seriously propose to send Madras troops to the seat of war, and for an army which cannot be employed there is only one thing remaining to be done. Something of course will be heard, in defence of maintaining it, as to the importance of avoiding over-centralization and the too great fusion of our Indian troops. It was bad enough that one out of three armies should mutiny; if in 1857 there had been only one Indian army instead of three separate armies, things would have gone still harder with English rule in India. All this is quite true; but it is obvious to remark there are other ways of effecting the necessary segregation and separation of our Indian troops, which, indeed, are by no means carried so far as they might and should be.

The question so long under discussion between the revival of the old organization of more than twenty officers to a battalion, and the

maintenance of the new organization, which gives only seven, may be considered as settled. The conclusive objection to maintaining the larger establishment of officers—erroneously called the old system, for in old days half the officers nominally belonging to a regiment were permanently withdrawn for staff or civil situations—are that it would be inordinately expensive; that in peace time there would be nothing for the greater part of the officers to do, and that equally there would be no functions for the native officers to fulfil. After all, the reduction made has not been so very great. Under the old system the native infantry battalions were eleven hundred strong, and had seldom more than ten or a dozen officers present, mostly juniors. Now there are only seven officers, but all effective, for a man going on the staff or to civil employment is made supernumerary or struck off the list; and the battalion itself has been cut down to seven hundred. This point has been exhaustively treated in the very able Minutes by Lord Napier of Magdala and Sir Henry Norman, to be found in the Bluebook on Indian army organization published a few months ago; and Sir Henry Norman disposes effectively of the assertion so often advanced, that regiments thus weakly officered will certainly be rendered ineffective on service from loss of officers, by showing what the actual average loss has been in our most severe Indian campaigns. The average is about two officers a battalion; so that, distributing the loss over the whole force engaged, there would still be left five officers per regiment. Now the old irregular regiments used to get on very well with three officers apiece. Still, it is not only possible, but probable, that individual regiments would suffer much more severely; and that can hardly be a desirable arrangement which necessitates the filling up the gaps by officers brought in from other regiments, strangers to the men whom they have to lead. An establishment of seven officers seems also an inconvenient basis for working promotion in time of peace. Lord Napier of Magdala proposes that the seven officers of an Indian regiment, although appointed to it from the Staff Corps, and continuing to hold each a specific post in it as a Staff appointment, should be considered as permanently attached to the regiment, and entitled in ordinary course to the succession to the vacancies arising therein, just as in the British Line officers are now entitled to succeed to regimental vacancies in order of seniority. It is true that the officer can only get the step in virtue of being publicly gazetted to it, as from second in command to commandant; but neither can a lieutenant succeed to a company without being gazetted to it. Lord Napier would make the succession by regimental seniority as much the rule in one case as in the other, so that every officer may feel the permanent nature of his tie to the regiment to which he is first appointed, instead of being possessed with the desire he might otherwise feel to better himself by getting transferred to another regiment. In fact, Lord Napier would put a stop to the constant shifting about of officers which had been going on during the first years of the new system, and which, carried too far, was no doubt injurious. But a serious objection to the new plan is that promotion by seniority in such small bodies must necessarily lead to extreme inequality of promotion among different regiments. Lord Napier replies to this in anticipation by observing that it is impossible to prevent some such irregularities under any system. Even in the British line, with cadres of more than thirty officers, inequalities and supersessions occur. This is true; but then they are likely to be much more intensified in proportion as the cadre is reduced. Suppose, to take an extreme case, that every regiment had only two officers, and that promotion was to be regulated by regimental seniority; in one the junior might succeed to the command in a few months or weeks, while in the other the junior remained so till old age. And, with only seven officers to a regiment, and promotion regulated by seniority of regimental succession, the inequalities arising will assuredly be so numerous, especially on active service, that it will be found impossible practically to maintain the rule. But indeed India is a country where rules are made only to be broken; so rapidly do Ministers and Governors succeed one another, that the wisdom of one year becomes the foolishness of the next.

But it is as an organization for the native troops that these small isolated battalions seem most defective. A body of seven hundred men, all told, is too small to be able to leave a depot behind when it goes on active service; and either it must be allowed to run down, and to put off recruiting till it returns from the seat of war, or the arrangements for filling up casualties must be improvised when the war breaks out. Now this defect, as well as the difficulty about regulating promotion, would be got over by organizing these skeleton corps in regiments of two or three or four battalions each, each battalion being one of the existing independent regiments. Not more than two, or at the most three, battalions of a regiment would go on service at a time; the remainder would act as depots to fill up the gaps in the ranks of the associated battalions at the seat of war, and to train recruits.

The officers would form one body for the purpose of promotion, and would be distributed among the different battalions according to their requirements. Lord Napier, however, after discussing such a plan in the Minute already referred to, decides against it, and the opinion of so very high an authority must carry great weight; yet we venture to think that the conclusion is arrived at in this case on insufficient grounds. "It would be contrary to our policy," says the late Commander-in-Chief in India—p. 58 of the Bluebook—"to promote a union of feeling and a common interest in so large a body as three regiments, because disaffection, which

is the greatest evil we have to guard against, in any one portion would be certain to pervade the whole." Now, if all the regiments of the Bengal army as at present constituted were separate in kind from all the others, each being different as to caste, recruiting ground, and in other respects, from every other regiment, then no doubt the possibility of combination would be to a certain extent increased by such a fusion; although in an army more than sixty thousand strong, any single body within it not more than two thousand strong would surely not be a formidable element on the ground of possible disaffection. But, as a matter of fact, the homogeneous forces already existing are much larger than this. Several regiments are composed entirely of Hindustanis; others entirely of Sikhs; others of men from beyond the frontier; and, although these classes may be distributed in different regiments, any feeling of disaffection arising in one of them would be pretty sure to extend to all the troops belonging to the same class, however they might be divided. The organization of the Sepoys of the old Bengal army in a great many different regiments did not prevent them from combining together in 1857. The feeling of brotherhood and the spirit of combination among Indian troops arises mostly from propinquity. The Bombay and Madras armies came little in contact with that of Bengal, and escaped the contagion of the Mutiny. The Punjab troops also held aloof; and if the Bengal army, much the largest of the three now existing, which now occupies a tract of country as far as from Calais to Constantinople, were to be recast into two distinct armies, kept entirely apart in time of peace and recruited from different sources, the danger from combination would be so greatly reduced that we might safely introduce an organization of large regiments, such as in every other army has been found a necessary condition for keeping up an effective force in the field, by admitting of complete and well-organized depots.

As it is, we hear that the same thing has had already to be done, in another way. The native regiments ordered to the front are to have their small numbers at once augmented by drafts from other regiments which remain behind. This is merely a rough and imperfect method of carrying out the thing that is proposed. The regiment which has to supply the drafts will evidently be in effect a second or depot battalion to the other, while the acquaintance with the reinforcements gained by the officers of the reserve regiment during the process of training them will naturally indicate them as the fittest to be selected to fill up any gaps arising in the commissioned grades of the combatant regiment. Surely it would be much better to carry this out in a systematic way. But indeed, beyond the battalion unit, organization as understood in the armies of Europe has not yet been introduced into any branch of the Indian army.

#### PUFFS FROM THE PULPIT.

IT is hard to make the best even of one world, hard to live with the steady purpose of attaining one sort of success. There have been times and countries in which people deliberately made their choice between the world and religion, and pursued the contemplative or the active life with undivided eagerness. Those times have been, but the English race sighs for at least two worlds to conquer—this and the next. Success in this life is not enough for many distinguished men and eminent Christians, whose right hand builds churches while their left hand is busy with pulling down banks. Among other persons of enterprise and activity, Dr. Joseph Parker, Minister of the City Temple, seems to deserve a place of honour. The width of his Christian sympathy is well known, and he is recognized as almost the official comforter of Mr. Henry Ward Beecher. His sermons, we believe, are attractive, his religious writings are full of unction, and his commercial arrangements are certainly worthy of the study of all whose lot is cast in an age of advertisements. Dr. Parker is connected in some way with a paper called the *Fountain*, and he is not slack to work this pleasant little source of pious and polite recreation. The *Standard* publishes this specimen of his circulars, which has had at least the effect of gaining one inquiring reader for Dr. Parker's periodical:—

The City Temple, E.C., Oct. 14.—Gentlemen,—We are about to publish in the *Fountain* a series of descriptive articles, and I shall be glad if you will allow our Special Commissioner to wait upon you. He will draw special attention to your business in a very telling way. The cost of the visit, description, and forty insertions of a six line (single column) advertisement will be ten guineas. The *Fountain* goes into thousands upon thousands of families every week, and is given away in thousands at the door of the City Temple every Sunday. A more eligible medium for your advertisement I could not recommend.—I am, most respectfully yours, JOSEPH PARKER, Minister of the City Temple.

Allured by the kindly and almost paternal tone of this note, charmed by Dr. Parker's frankness in recommending as an eligible medium for advertisements a medium which chanced to be his own property, we have perused some numbers of the *Fountain*. A man is naturally curious to see what kind of religion goes along with so much practical thoughtfulness, and to study the secular and the pious literature which Dr. Parker combines with disguised advertisements. The result has been extremely gratifying. We are able to gauge the exact market value of the article which Dr. Parker offers to his congregation in a series of emphatic sermons. We can almost state the current rate of his unction as if it were an article in the Russia trade, and we can estimate the price per yard of the wedding raiment which he offers to sinners. Thanks to the searching criticisms, too, of Dr. Parker, who addresses his



dear brethren with all the frankness of an early friend, we can spy some weak places in the Independent armour, and can be assured that Temples are not always the habitation of brotherly love. The sorrows of the Dissenting minister are laid bare, and deacons are chastised with a fatherly hand. It may be as well to begin with an example of the "social and descriptive" articles which are offered to thousands of guileless subscribers. First, a significant little essay which stands by itself may be quoted from the *Fountain* of October 24:—

#### OUR NEIGHBOURS.—LITERARY AND COMMERCIAL.

Situated as the *Fountain* now is in Ludgate Circus, we find ourselves in the very midst of neighbours of all sorts—active, prosperous, and useful. We intend giving a literary picture of our surroundings so soon as our special commissioner can complete his professional visit to all the offices, shops, warehouses, and hotels which crowd around us. In our picture there will be names known throughout the world, and names just rising into eminence. We shall have to take our readers up five, six, and seven storeys, and show them the chimneys of the city and the smoke thereof. We shall have to call upon the bookseller, the tourist, the hotel proprietor, the dealer in purses, the vendor of tobacco, the publisher, the editor, the phrenologist, the electrician, and a score not to be named. This will give our country readers an idea of the strength with which the pulse of the city beats.

After Dr. Parker has called on the bookseller, the dealer in purses, the phrenologist, and a score not to be named, we presume he will begin to advertise their business, as he has already advertised that of some other houses. The City Temple, as we learn from the *Fountain*, has been decorated lately, and is like that of Solomon in all its glory. Dr. Parker preached a sermon when the place was opened. He said that "Professor Donaldson, of London University, was here on Friday night, and he said that he had not seen anything anywhere more charming in the way of Church decoration. . . . But do not rest there; the place is nothing, but the spirit is everything." Dr. Parker went on to observe that "beauty is a means of grace," but that some persons do not see it; "they insult the angel by their bucolic stare." We don't know whether any of Dr. Parker's congregation dislike paying for "columns executed in a rich murrey colour, the background of caps being laid in a deep rich blue, and portions of the flutings of shafts alternately gilded." If there are such stingy persons, no doubt they insult by their bucolic stare the window in which Oliver Cromwell, of all people, represents the virtue of Temperance. We cannot stop to describe all the Nonconformist glories of the City Temple; but, from a commercial point of view, the thing to note is that it was decorated by Messrs. A. By a curious coincidence, the *Fountain* devotes two columns to a description of the "studio" of Mr. A., "where numerous examples prove him possessed of the true spirit of a decorator, and show him to have mastered the spirit of 'concord in sweet colours.'" Here is a very pretty little puff which may be recommended to the "Neighbours, Literary and Commercial," of the *Fountain*. Dr. Parker wields all the influence of the pulpit (a new but eligible advertising medium) and of the press. He can observe in his sermons that Professor Donaldson is pleased with his windows and roof, and then he can sing in his paper the merits of Messrs. A., who gilded the roof. "We shall have to call upon the phrenologist"; and surely we can hitch a remark about phrenology into a sermon on the virtues. "We shall have to call on the vendor of tobacco"; and an ingenious preacher need not be afraid of introducing remarks about a smoke of a sweet savour. Mr. Spurgeon smokes, and what Mr. Spurgeon of the Tabernacle approves, Dr. Parker of the Temple need not blush to commend. "We shall have to call on a score not to be named"; but here fancy fails us, and we must wait to see how the *Fountain* will deal with the score. "What a coward's heart is mine," cries J. P. in a "prayer before preaching," but J. P. undervalues his own audacity. "This day I would call down fire from heaven upon all the manufactures which I have wrought without inspiration," he exclaims. Is the advertisement about "Our Neighbours, Literary and Commercial," one of the manufactures made without inspiration? or was Dr. Parker inspired when he preached about Professor Donaldson and the Roman-Corinthian decorations of the City Temple? Perhaps nobody but Dr. Parker knows when he is inspired. He has an article on the business of another firm—let us say that of Messrs. B., which is quite in the Roman-Corinthian style. We cannot help fancying that this descriptive essay is "inspired," whether in Dr. Parker's modest sense or in the worldly one is a matter of no importance. "It is not necessary," says the *Fountain*, in its pleasant, chatty way—

It is not necessary for our metropolitan readers to be informed as to the business Messrs. B. carry on, nor is it likely that many in the provinces are unaware of what it is, and it is only for our foreign and colonial readers that we therefore state that Messrs. B. undertake the furnishing of every kind of building that is erected either as a residence, or a place of public entertainment. They will furnish the lover's fancy—a cottage in a wood; the poet's longing—a villa by a lake; the merchant's ambition—a castle; a palace for an emperor or a king, a club-house, an hotel, or a place of entertainment, such as Her Majesty's Opera House, in the Haymarket. Everything which can increase comfort, and satisfy the demand of fashion; every new contribution of mechanical genius towards the diminution of labour, and the utility of the house, and household, can be supplied without delay from the exhaustless stores of this remarkable house. We use the word "house" in its generic form, only because, of course, such a business requires many houses to satisfy the demands made by customers.

"A great firm like that of Messrs. B. can direct the taste of a nation, if they so choose, and this is precisely what the Messrs. B. are now doing in the matter of carpets." And this is precisely what Dr. Parker is doing—within the limits of his popularity—in the matter of sermons, pious articles on the profligacy of France,

advertisements, prayers, and Sunday stories. The *Fountain* has its novel, like other periodicals. Here is a description of the sentiments of the heroine on a singular occasion:—"It was Richard, and Richard as she had never seen him before. To her eyes he had always been comely; but now he was glorified in an evening costume, and her admiration leaped from her eyes. He came sweeping down the room in a waltz with a handsome girl, who was as graceful as a dancing faun!" We do not know what kind of effect this passage may have on the younger ladies who sit under Dr. Parker. Perhaps they may imitate the heroine, and let admiration leap from their eyes when they see a young man in so novel and *bizarre* a dress as evening costume. To be sure, this particular heroine had last seen her Richard in "a swimming costume," when she went with him for a solitary swim. Perhaps they may try to waltz like dancing fauns, though we think that the attitude and graceful abandon of the dancing faun ill becomes their sex. These things are of little importance. What is important is the grave omission. Who made Richard's evening costume? How easy it would have been to say "in an evening costume, fashioned in the usual graceful style of Messrs. Jones." Dr. Parker does not edit his novel as carefully as a business man should do. When he or his contributor writes about Messrs. B. and their carpets, he says, "We advise all to apply for one of their illustrated catalogues, containing over 900 drawings, and (sic) which this firm provides post free." Walt Whitman has introduced a latter in a lyrical apostrophe, and Dr. Parker himself means to visit the phrenologist with an eye to business. If hatters are not unworthy of verse, and phrenologists of visits, why should the tailor be omitted in a novel? In "Notices to Correspondents" T. H. S. is advised to "look at Mr. D.'s advertisement. Mr. D. is not the man to recommend any quackery. You may safely buy whatever he has to sell." It is thus that a minister, the guide of his flock, should speak out in matters secular as well as sacred. He has his own nostrum for their souls, why should not he praise Mr. D.'s nostrums for their bodies? He recommends egg-flip to the exhausted preacher, and carpets to the young disciple about to furnish, and spandrels and dados to the decorative members of his flock. He addresses an article "To Young Men and Women, Special," and the burden of his advice is, "if you want situations, advertise in the *Fountain*":—

Having regard to the immense numbers of young persons attending the City Temple, it has occurred to us that an interest should be taken in their commercial as well as their spiritual progress. Again and again we are applied to to recommend clerks, governesses, lodgers, lodgings, companions, salesmen, and such-like. We propose to devote not less than two columns of the *Fountain* to a register of persons and situations, and to insert advertisements at the very lowest remunerative rate. When it is considered that the *Fountain* goes regularly into the reading-rooms connected with such establishments as C—, M—, H—, W—, L—, and many others, it will be seen that it is an excellent medium for making employers and assistants known to one another.

Was there ever a pastor so pushing, a servant of heaven so zealous, an advertising agent so enterprising?

We have tried to give an idea of the more secular contents of the *Fountain*. It would be disagreeable to touch the columns devoted to Dr. Parker's sermons. In the interests, however, of common good taste, it may be useful to print an example of his familiarity with sacred names:—

Quote me one chapter of this Book through correctly; I defy the Philistine (sic) hordes to do so. I go to Jesus; He always quotes the Scripture, vindicates himself by the Scripture, confounds his enemies by the Scripture, gives the letter its highest application and its noblest meanings. I intend to sit down by Him; and, when death comes, He will find me, I trust, overlooking my Saviour's shoulder and reading my Saviour's book.

With this pleasing, though fanciful, sketch of Dr. Parker's latter end, we leave the world and the deacons of the City Temple to draw their own conclusions as to his ability to take care of himself in both worlds. One cannot think with patience of the aspect which he lends to all the religion and all the literature that come in the way of many poor people. At the same time, "a more eligible medium for advertisements we could not recommend" than the pen and the pulpit of Dr. Joseph Parker.

#### WHITBY.

A FEW weeks since, in speaking of an East-Anglian watering-place, we endeavoured roughly to classify the various seaside resorts studded so plentifully round our coasts. At one end of the list we put the full-blown watering-place of the normal type, all glare and bustle, such as Brighton and Scarborough. At the other we placed the charming little spots, still lurking here and there, "where nature is unspoiled and man uncorrupted," to name which would be to go far to ruin their attractiveness. Between the two extremes we ranked the small and slowly rising watering-places, long inaccessible by railway, whose future is still uncertain—such as that which we took leave to designate "Northsands." But, however comprehensive a classification may be, there will be always some exceptional cases that cannot be brought under it. So it is with the well-known Yorkshire watering-place which is our present subject. One of the most deservedly celebrated of all our seaside resorts, combining more varied attractions than almost any other, Whitby is so completely *sui generis* that it refuses to be classified. It may perhaps be most properly called a watering-place grafted on to an old fishing-town, and stopped in its growth

just at the happy moment when it had grown big enough, and all that had been begun had been finished. Until the opening of the Whitby and Pickering Railway in 1836, and its subsequent extension to York in 1845, Whitby had been so completely cut off from the rest of the world that there was no temptation to build. It was large enough for its inhabitants. Why erect lodging-houses for lodgers who never came? A select few, it is true, yearly braved the perils of the precipitous hills and the wide-stretching moors, which little more than a century ago none but the natives ventured to cross without a guide, together with the other dangers of the way, which in winter rendered it unsafe even for horsemen to approach the town, and made it entirely inaccessible to wheeled vehicles. With the opening of the railroad Whitby started into existence as a watering-place. Hudson, the "Railway King," bought the fields on the West Cliff, where he erected a hollow square of terraces and a huge hotel, and began a vast crescent. Then came the collapse. On his dethronement the property passed into other hands, more judicious or less enterprising, and the last twenty years have seen scarcely any growth of Whitby as a watering-place. And, if the Whitby folk are wise, they will not desire any considerable enlargement of their town. From the limited accommodation and its general excellence, lodgings are not cheap, and this naturally tends to keep the place select. There is an entire absence of the vulgar third-class visitors who are so fast ruining many of our choicest resorts. Nor is it as yet—happy in its exemption—much patronized by excursionists. There is usually little to interfere with the quiet enjoyment of the wide, firm sands and the breezy cliffs with their abundant seats, some planted in delicious sheltered nooks looking out over the wide expanse of ocean, often alive with a little fleet of fishing-boats, with their dark red sails, which leave the harbour every evening, weather permitting, to pursue their vocation. Many of these boats come from other ports—from Yarmouth, the Scotch coast, or even from as far off as Penzance. It is an interesting mark of the natural religiousness of the Cornishmen that, however promising the outlook, they steadily refuse to put out on a Sunday. Whether they devote the day to sacred duties is another question. Certainly they are not to be found at church. But most of the Cornish fishermen are Methodists, and the Wesleyans are strong in Whitby, which was one of their founder's favourite resorts. Like the subject of our former article, the aspect of Whitby, from the trend of the coast, is almost due North. This causes some perplexity to newcomers, who, not having studied their ordnance map are completely *désorientés* at finding the sun rising, as they fancy, in the South and setting in the North, and the names of the terraces at variance with their supposed aspects. A glance at a map sets all straight. But this glance some people never take, and go blundering on to the end of their stay.

It is a natural consequence of the quietude of Whitby that it has become a favourite resort of the dignified clergy. For some occult reason it is not much affected by Bishops, except stray "Colonials"; but the visitors' list always contains a Dean or two, with a sprinkling of Archdeacons, and a plentiful supply of the Canons who have cropped up with such wonderful rapidity of late. On Sundays, when seaside habiliments give place to decorous official attire, shovel-hats and rosettes meet one at every turn. Aprons and gaiters seem reserved for cathedral precincts. The Universities also contribute their quota of dignities. We have met Heads of Houses and Professors enough in a single stroll to make up a University Council, and have been able to contrast the Vice-Chancellor's wide-awake and shiny waterproof coat with the official costume of scarlet and ermine in which we last beheld him presiding over academical ceremonies. What we have said shows that Whitby has an exceptional character which we hope it may be slow to resign. If the Whitbyans are wise, they will attempt no rivalry with their brilliant neighbour, but allow the "queen of watering-places" a monopoly of the glare and shoddy gentility which renders it so unbearable to all who desire quiet and repose. Already ominous symptoms of a change appear in a red brick saloon for balls or concerts, in the fashionable so-called "Queen Anne style," rising on the slope of the cliff, threatening a bad imitation of the most hateful place in the world to a rational being—the Spa at Scarborough. Happily the alum shale on which it is built is not the most trustworthy of foundations, and, if a landslip should carry the saloon to the beach below, few who love Whitby as it is would grieve much.

The situation of Whitby is strikingly picturesque. The Esk, emerging from its wooded dells, here expands into a broad tidal haven, crowded with fishing-boats and other craft, making a tangled forest of masts, and noisy with the hammers of the shipwrights; for Whitby still keeps up its ancient fame for "the best and stoutest bottoms used in England," as in the days when Captain Cook, himself once a Whitby "prentice boy in a house still standing in Grape Lane, would have none but Whitby-built vessels for his famous circumnavigation of the world. On either side stern dark cliffs hem in the harbour; massy walls of alum shale, strengthened with horizontal girders of gritstone jutting out from the more crumbling strata above and below, and ever and anon hurling down huge masses to the shore below. The chasm between the cliffs through which the Esk finds its way to the sea marks a great dislocation of strata, those to the west being depressed about one hundred and fifty feet below those on the eastern side of the harbour. The watery hammers, ceaselessly at work, are slowly but surely undermining the huge bluff, and more than once the houses that had straggled out furthest towards

the sea have been rent and twisted, and sometimes thrown down altogether by slips and subsidences. One row of dwellings at the base of the cliff leans so alarmingly that one wonders at their tenants being able to sleep securely. In fact, Whitby was built where nature never intended a town to stand, on a narrow shelf between the cliff and the harbour. To broaden the site the shore was strengthened with staithe of timber to keep back the high tides, and on the oozy bank narrow lanes of low mean houses were built, rising right up out of the water. As population increased, the houses began to creep up the lower slopes of the cliff in long narrow yards, tier above tier, communicating with one another by steep flights of steps. This mode of growth has made the old town of Whitby one of the queerest places imaginable. People being allowed to build just where they pleased, the houses are huddled together in the strangest confusion on so abrupt a declivity that the door-sill of one is level with the roof-ridge of another. Wandering in these unsavoury quarters, we come unexpectedly on striking views of the haven, and the grey gables of the abbey, or the old church reposing under its shadow, with the red roofs clustering in irregular masses below in rich variety of form and colour, framed in long narrow pictures between the walls of the rapidly descending yards or alleys. In the older parts wooden galleries run along the fronts of the houses, which become picturesque enough when filled with the fishing lumber and other litter of the untidy inhabitants. The nose tells one that the whole place sadly needs sanitary reform. As the drainage is all into the harbour, the stench at low water is so horrible that it is not surprising that the death-rate is high, though lower than that of its more brilliant neighbour Scarborough. The water supply, however, is excellent and pure. The communications of the town tell of a packhorse age, when wheeled carriages were all but unknown. The streets, especially on the West Cliff, are narrow-paved alleys, and the chief artery, Flower Gate, ends abruptly in a steep-winding desfilée, running down to the quay, impracticable for carriages of any kind. Whitby suffers much from the want of well-planned gradients and new lines of communication.

The Quay affords a walk full of busy life and stir. The long rows of fishing vessels, full of silvery gleaming herrings, rapidly carried up the quayside in baskets, and without a moment's delay packed with coarse salt in barrels, to be despatched far and wide, not a few to Spain and the shores of the Mediterranean; the rough-and-ready fish auctions where rows of a dozen or two of cod or ling lying on the flags are knocked down for a few shillings; the fishermen slouching along in their blue guernsey frocks and south-westerns; the fruit-stalls and sweet-stalls, and the neatly appointed coffee-stalls, which we are glad to notice are evidently doing a brisk trade, form a picturesque scene which those who do not mind a little pushing and jostling will be glad to visit again and again. The piers furnish noble breezy walks, commanding magnificent views both of sea and land.

The chief feature of the place, from every point of view, is the gaunt skeleton of "High Whitby's cloistered pile," which, unsheltered by a single tree, stands out against the sky on the summit of the East Cliff, the light pouring through its tall lancet windows as through the eyeless sockets of a skull. This grand memorial of early Northumbrian Christianity is of far too great historical and architectural interest to be dismissed summarily, and we hope to be able to return to it hereafter. By the side of the ruined abbey crouches the long low mass of the parish church, as inferior in architectural style as in ecclesiastical status. Originally an aisleless Norman church of nave and chancel, rather late in the style, with large transepts added in the lancet period, it has been so ruthlessly bepeved and begallied and pulled about by successive generations of churchwardens, that, though the main walls of the fabric remain, hardly a trace of antiquity is visible within. It is probably the strangest building by way of a church in England. The alterations have evidently been executed by a ship's carpenter, who has transformed the ceiling of the nave into the likeness of a cabin skylight with such success that you instinctively listen for the familiar tramp of feet and dragging of cables overhead, and, when the sermon is over, expect to mount by the companion to the deck. There is every now and then some talk of "restoring the church." But nothing has yet come of it, and we are disposed to hope nothing ever may. It would be easy enough to clear away all the deformities which now encumber it, and leave it "swept and garnished," a decorous, but cold and commonplace edifice. But we confess to a lingering fondness for the odd and ugly things which pleased our forefathers, and we shall not quarrel with the ecclesiastical authorities of Whitby if they let the old church remain unchanged, as a monument of the state of ecclesiastical and architectural feeling of the last century, more eloquent than words. The long flight of stone steps, only one short of two hundred, which leads up to the church and abbey from the town below, is a marked feature of the place. It is a curious sight from the opposite cliff to watch the worshippers disperse after service, thronging the churchyard path and blackening the steps, like bees swarming out of a hive. The church stands near the angle of the cliff where the river and sea meet, looking down on one side on the red roofs of the mean houses below, and on the other on the wide expanse of the German Ocean, the nearest land in a straight line being Spitzbergen. All round it stretches the wide churchyard full of upright gravestones. Many of these bear the names of



those whose remains lie far away; not a few at the bottom of the sea. One limping epitaph may be quoted for its union of religious and nautical imagery:—

Though Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves have tossed me to and fro,  
Yet it is by God's decree I harbour here below,  
Where I at anchor ride with many of our fleet,  
Hoping one day to rise again our Captain Christ to meet.

Not a few tell of those who lost their lives in the whale fishery, of which, as every reader of Mrs. Gaskell's powerful but painful tale *Sylvia's Lovers* knows, Whitby was formerly one of the chief seats. The life of the Greenland fisheries, however, though vigorous was short. Beginning with two ships in 1753, and employing a score in 1788, the trade reached its height of prosperity in 1814, when no fewer than 172 whales were captured, and their oil and blubber brought home to be boiled down in the unsavoury sheds that lined the stailhes. But decline soon set in. Ship after ship was lost. The trade proved less and less remunerative. Whale oil could not hold its own against gas. What was required could be obtained more cheaply from the South Seas. So the Whitby whale fishery sank lower and lower; and though its end was hastened by a series of catastrophes of which the latest was the total wreck of the *Phoenix* in 1837, on the Scar just below the church, through the parting of a tow-rope, a few minutes after she had left the haven full of high hopes of a prosperous voyage, it was foredoomed, and its extinction had long been simply a question of time. Since then no whale-ship has ever been fitted out, and the huge caldrons for boiling the blubber along the harbour-side have been rusting away in idleness, and the farmers look in vain for the filthy refuse with which, to the annoyance of all passers-by, they were in the habit of enriching their fields.

Whitby is singularly unfortunate in its modern churches. The visitors have chiefly to worship in an iron shed, which sways so uncomfortably in storms as to inspire the fear that the whole building, parson, worshippers, and all, may one day be swept over the cliff. The chapel that bears the honoured name of St. Ninian, the apostle of Scotland, rivals in its meanness the worst Dissenting chapel of the last century. The others are architecturally beneath criticism. The church-like edifices whose towers and spires break the prim outline of the new town belong to religious bodies outside the National Church. The Roman Catholic chapel—a plain but dignified Early English building—is the only good piece of ecclesiastical architecture in the place. Whitby sorely needs better churches, and, we must add, better services. To judge from the attempts at choral service, the West Riding does not share in the musical and vocal gifts for which other parts of Yorkshire are so deservedly celebrated.

The neighbourhood of Whitby inland, unlike many seaside places, is most fascinating; and its varied attractions are rendered easily accessible by the trains, which—starting at most convenient hours, and stopping every two or three miles at some picturesque spot—seem almost to have been arranged for the special behoof of tourists. Wide, swelling moors stretch on for miles, clothed as far as the eye can reach with purple heath and ling, scenting the air with their perfume so delicate as to be only perceptible when wafted from acres of blossoms, and vocal with the hum of innumerable bees, gathering the delicious moorland honey, whose hives may sometimes be seen snugly encoined under a sheltered sunny bank, far from any human habitation. A walk on a fine day over these health-breathing moors, with their wide inland views and horizon of blue, sparkling sea, is a thing not easily to be forgotten. But woe betide the unfortunate wayfarer who is caught on them when a sea-fog blots out every object a yard off, and he has to trudge on knee deep in drenching heath or bracken, inhaling more water than air. That experience, too, will not be readily forgotten. To the archaeologist this moorland tract, studded with the howes, or funeral mounds (of which and their contents Canon Greenwell has so much to tell us), lined with the entrenchments and scooped with the hut-pits of the semi-barbarian people who, in Professor Phillips's words, "chased the deer and wild boar through the forests, watered their flocks at the springs, chipped the flint, or carved the bone, or moulded the rude pottery in their smoky huts," is full of interest. There are several clusters of these hut-circles within easy reach of Whitby; at Killing Pits, Egton Grange, and, above all, at Danby Moor, where their orderly arrangement in parallel lines, protected on the outside by banks, and divided within by an open avenue like a street, marks a step onward in civilization and a more settled occupation. A comparison of one of these hut-circles with that very remarkable group of which we have recently spoken at Penselwood, in Wilts, would be instructive. There can be no reasonable doubt that the Yorkshire pits were the foundation of the "cyttiau" of the aborigines; dome-shaped wigwags, of heath or sod, "congestum caespitum culmen." The hollows vary from eight to eighteen feet in diameter, and from three to six feet in depth, within a raised lip of earth or stones. There is often a trace of a door, away from the north-west, which was here the quarter of wind and snow-storms. Stones reddened by fire mark the position of the rude hearth. The Eskdale moors abound also in what used to be called "Druidical remains." Long avenues of grey standing stones, popularly known as "Bride stones," rise, weird-like, from the clustering heather. There are also several stone circles; but no cromlechs, and all the monuments of this class are small, and of little importance. The Romans have left marks of their sway in the road from *Eboracum* to *Dunum Sinus* (the *Δούρον κήπος* of

Ptolemy), now Dunsley Bay, still to be traced across the moors, as well as in inscribed stones, of which the most remarkable is that found near Robin Hood's Bay, now in the Whitby Museum, recording the erection of a camp by Justinian, the president of the province, and Vindician, general of the forces.

Descending from the hills, the romantic dales by which the moorland is split will be found no less attractive. Each has its beck, broken into a thousand miniature cascades, and running between rocky banks fringed with wood and spangled with a rich variety of wild flowers. Some of these falls are of no inconsiderable height, and when the stream has been swollen with rain are by no means contemptible. Picturesque they always are, especially when the decaying wheel of a disused mill adds a feature to the scene. Some of these are stock lions, such as "Thomasine's" and "Mallyon's Spout," near Goathland, and the "Falling Force," where the "Little Beck" precipitates itself over a bed of gritstone capping a curved wall of dark shale, on which ferns have found foothold and wave their long green fronds, ever wet with the dashing spray. These, as is the way with lions, will often refuse to roar when bidden, and send the lion-hunters away disappointed. But those who, forsaking the beaten round, are not afraid to imitate Wordsworth's "Louisa," and

Wind along the brook  
To hunt the waterfalls,

will find their scramble well rewarded. Perhaps no spot near Whitby is more beautiful than the Arncliffe Woods between Glazedale and Egton, where the bold arch of the Beggar's Bridge spans the Esk as it dashes swiftly over its rocky bed overshadowed by trees, among which the shale peeps out in dusky cliffs, and here and there white crags of gritstone gleam through the dark foliage. Whitby visitors have reason to thank the railway engineers who have made this delicious valley so easy of access with so little injury to its picturesque character.

We have no space to speak of Whitby as a field for the geologist and palaeontologist. The great basaltic dyke, which, like a long wedge, apex uppermost, runs across the moors for miles, partially vitrifying the sandstone on either side, though broken up and carted away as road metal, still reads a grand and instructive lesson of the history of our globe. The rocks of the Scar are paved with ammonites—the

Headless snakes each one  
Changed into a coat of stone  
When holy Hilda prayed—

of which Sir Walter Scott's mythical nuns boasted to their sisters of Tynemouth; while the falls of the dark precipices of lias shale which bound the bay are continually disclosing remains of the huge Saurians which made this world so horrible in far away ages. When we read the calm verdict of a learned and sensible man like Dr. Charlton, the historian of Whitby in the last century, that these fossil reptiles are mere "*lusus nature*," produced by a fermentation, or some peculiar property inherent in all alum mines, none having been real animals or in any other state than that in which we now find them," we think with some satisfaction on the advance which science has made, but at the same time we are inclined to inquire whether our great-grandchildren may not perhaps regard some of our conclusions with as much pitying wonder as we do Dr. Charlton's.

#### THE JESUIT MARTYRS UNDER ELIZABETH.

AN interesting article on "the Jesuit martyrs, Campion and Walpole," in the new number of the *Edinburgh Review*, opens with the remark that the Jesuit mission of 1580 and the lives and characters of its principal leaders have only of late years received anything like impartial examination. This is quite true, and it is due partly to general causes, partly to reasons affecting the particular case. The revived taste for historical study, and the consequent habit of breaking up history into specific and manageable periods, which are more carefully investigated through a closer division of labour, have brought into clear relief what used to be passed over as mere unimportant episodes, and have exhibited their bearing on contemporary characters and events. Then, again, the recoil (due to the labours of German critics) from the somewhat Philistine method of regarding the religious history of the past, especially of the middle ages, which was prevalent in the last century, has led to fuller justice being rendered to the social and moral specialities of "the ages of faith." In the case of the Elizabethan martyrs the general Protestant sentiment was accentuated by the bitter memories bequeathed to England from the previous reign, whose annals, it has been too truly said, "are written in letters of fire and blood," as well as by the assumed connexion of the sufferers under Elizabeth with the political conspiracies which took so hideous a shape in the great crime planned though not perpetrated at the opening of the reign of her successor. There was some foundation for this belief, though it might have been remembered that the leading victims under Mary had also rendered themselves liable to capital punishment for high treason. And on the other hand there are many of the Jesuit missionaries, as the *Edinburgh Reviewer* justly observes of Campion himself, whose labours were entirely religious and had for their sole object the conversion of their countrymen to what they firmly believed to be the truth. This fact is clearly brought out in Mr. Simpson's excellent *Life of Campion*, reviewed in our columns some years ago, and to which the *Edinburgh Review* pays a due meed of

praise. Parsons on the contrary, who was his companion, like Dr. Allen, the founder of Douay College, was undoubtedly mixed up with the political designs of the Pope and Philip of Spain which followed on the issue of the Bull of excommunication.

But it may be worth while taking a backward glance at the antecedents of the Elizabeth persecutions, which will prove, not indeed that our sympathy should be withheld from brave men like Campion and his fellows, who patiently endured torture and death for their faith, but that the Church, or rather the Court of Rome—the distinction is often an important one in dealing with such questions—was very largely responsible for the state of things under which they suffered. It is notorious that the English Reformation under Edward VI., unlike the Scottish or Continental one, was carried on from above and not from below, with the grudging submission of a hostile clergy, and not without open resistance from the people, whose revolts had more than once to be extinguished in blood. This is indeed the explanation of its stopping where it did, for Cranmer, as we read in the *Troubles of Frankfurt*, “had drawn up a Book of Prayer a hundred times more perfect [i.e. more Protestant] than that that we now have; the same could not take effect, for that he was matched with such a wicked clergy and Convocation, with other enemies.” And accordingly, as Dr. Dollinger expresses it, “the whole edifice of the new religion collapsed when Mary succeeded to the throne.” Never were the prospects of the Roman Catholic Church in England brighter than at the commencement of Mary’s reign, or darker than at its close. “Hitherto,” again to cite the words of Dr. Dollinger, “the Protestant doctrine had made little advance in the minds of the people, the majority of whom adhered to their ancestral faith; the decided Protestants could be named and counted.” But five years of Papal ascendancy—during which about three hundred persons were burnt, including some of the new bishops, several priests, and above fifty women—made all the difference. “Hundreds of thousands of Protestant writings, scattered over the length and breadth of the land, could not have done so much to strengthen the Protestant cause as the spectacle of the fires of Smithfield.” After fully discounting the wild exaggerations of Foxe’s martyrology, after making allowance for the treasonable conduct of some of the leading victims, and for the fact, noticed by Sir J. Mackintosh, that the toleration of heresy was at that period held by men of all persuasions equally to be both dangerous and absurd, it is yet difficult to overestimate the incredible folly—putting aside all question of principle—of Mary’s method of procedure. That the hatred of everything called Popery which has since prevailed in England is historically traceable to that cause, is beyond a doubt. Yet even on the accession of Elizabeth the case of the Roman Church was by no means a desperate one. The Queen herself had strong Catholic leanings, and, as Mr. Froude admits, “clung convulsively” to the hope of effecting a union on some moderate common ground; and a great part of the nation was of the same mind. But Paul IV. took care that she should have no choice in the matter. He met her respectful announcement of her accession with a declaration of her illegitimacy, and a claim, as suzerain of England, to settle the succession himself. In 1570 followed the Bull of Pius V. deposing Elizabeth and forbidding her subjects to acknowledge her on pain of excommunication; and in 1588 Sixtus V.—in spite of his openly avowed admiration for the character of Elizabeth and desire for her conversion—was induced to issue a Bull renewing her deprivation and sanctioning the Spanish invasion. It was in reference to these suicidal measures that Urban VIII. said afterwards, what Pius IV. had said before of Paul IV.’s policy, that “the Popes his predecessors had lost England to the faith.” There is one other fact to be taken into account in estimating the Jesuit persecution under Elizabeth. The Jesuits had developed into a system the doctrine of tyrannicide, taught occasionally and with hesitation by previous theologians, which afterwards took effect in the assassinations of Henry III. and Henry IV. of France. Nor can the Courts of Rome and Spain be acquitted of complicity in designs on the life of Elizabeth herself. In the next reign Paul V. prohibited Catholics from taking the oath abjuring the doctrine that princes excommunicated and deposed by the Pope may be murdered by their subjects, and Bellarmine wrote a treatise to prove its unlawfulness.

These considerations do not justify or excuse the cruelties practised on a number of men and women—Dr. Jessopp calls attention to “the atrocious and almost unexampled barbarity which distinguished the case of Margaret Clitherow”—but they help to explain the state of feeling which made such practices possible. It would certainly have been wiser, as well as more just, to draw a line of demarcation between religion and politics, and, while sternly repressing all rebellious attempts, to leave the English Roman Catholics, the great majority of whom were perfectly loyal in spite of Papal bulls, in the unfettered exercise of their religion. When saying or hearing mass or receiving absolution was made a statutable, and ultimately a capital offence, no choice was left them between disobedience to the law and violation of their conscience. With the fate of such a “martyr” as Campion it is impossible not to sympathize:—

He was three several times stretched on the rack; for although the use of torture was contrary to the law of England, it was employed at this time without scruple. On the rack he did make some kind of statement about the houses in which he had been received; but nothing could be extracted from him which in any way indicated a knowledge of, or a connexion with, any political conspiracy. At length, on November 20, he was brought to his trial in Westminster Hall, where he was allowed free speech, but where, of course, nothing that he could say was of avail to set aside a foregone conclusion. The Council had determined that an example should be made;

and Campion, although not the slightest proof was offered of his having been concerned in treasonable practices, was a Jesuit, and one of great name. It must be admitted too that when pressed for his opinion concerning the bull of deposition, his answers were doubtful, although they did not imply an entire acceptance of it. The jury found him guilty: and the Lord Chief Justice pronounced sentences of death, with all the fearful penalties of high treason. The sentence was carried out at Tyburn on December 1. The chief reporter of the executions of Campion and his fellows was Anthony Munday, a player and a dramatist of some reputation. His account is printed in Holinshed; and Hallam rightly condemns it for “a savageness and bigotry which I am very sure no scribe of the Inquisition could have surpassed.” The details are fully given by Mr. Simpson. We need not pain our readers by dwelling on them; but it should be stated that Campion was allowed to die on the gallows before the last frightful indignities were offered to his body, and that when Lord Charles Howard asked him “for which queen he prayed, whether for Elizabeth the queen?” he answered “Yea, for Elizabeth, your queen and my queen, unto whom I wish a long quiet reign with all prosperity.” At the same time with Campion suffered two other priests, Sherwin and Briant.

Some evidence of the broader and more appreciative spirit in which these records are now coming to be looked upon may be found in the list of works prefixed to the article which has suggested these remarks. The first is by the late Mr. Simpson, a learned and accomplished convert to the Roman Catholic faith, whose religious zeal and earnestness was free, as his reviewer observes, from any taint of bigotry, and whose book accordingly “is that of an impartial seeker for historical truth.” Two others are by Dr. Jessopp, headmaster of the Norwich Grammar School, whose manifest interest in his subject can hardly have been prompted by any theological sympathy, but who frankly confesses that, “as the work proceeded, the England of Queen Elizabeth’s days became to him an altogether different land from the England he had formerly imagined it to be, and that the conflict with Rome unfolded itself as a problem which must remain unintelligible to the merely political historian.” There are lastly the *Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus*, edited by Father Foley, a member of the Order. And it is of course perfectly natural that the Jesuits should desire to preserve and make public the authentic annals of the deeds and sufferings of their spiritual ancestry in days when the rack and the gibbet were the reward of loyalty to their Church. To English readers generally these works have a further interest as filling an important page in the history of their country. In his *Generation of a Norfolk House* Dr. Jessopp has told the story of Henry Walpole the Jesuit, on whom some drops of blood fell from the body of Campion when it was being quartered, and who afterwards shared his fate. The family estates passed eventually into the hands of his cousin, Calicut Walpole, whose brother was outlawed as a Jesuit, though ultimately pardoned, and who died at Houghton in 1646; and from him was descended the famous Sir Robert Walpole, born there just thirty years afterwards. So that in Sir Robert’s boyhood the memories of the persecuting days must still have been fresh, and he may easily have conversed at Houghton with men who had known the outlawed Jesuit father. There must of course be many such threads connecting the Roman Catholic martyrologies with the main course of our national life, while they also have their interest in the records of religious enthusiasm. It is well that from various points of view attention is being recalled to what was almost a forgotten chapter of English history, and the more thoroughly and impartially it is presented in all its aspects, the better it will be for our appreciation both of historical and religious truth. We can have no hesitation in endorsing the words in which the *Edinburgh* reviewer commends the subject to the notice of his readers:—

It has been the fashion, while giving full recognition to the earnest faith and constancy of many a Protestant martyr—and there is no difficulty in finding men and women worthy of all such honour—either to ignore altogether, or at least to look doubtfully upon, those who, like Campion and Walpole, suffered no less firmly and courageously in the cause of truth, as it appeared to them. There may have been sound reason for the hesitation; for there was, and perhaps is, such a thing as political Jesuitism, and in the days of Elizabeth it must have been difficult enough to distinguish that from the simple devotion of one whose only object was the restoration of Englishmen to the faith of Rome. But by this time we may surely venture to do such men justice; at any rate we may consider fairly and without acrimony the evidence concerning them which modern research has been accumulating on all sides. A man who lays down his life for what he holds to be the truth deserves all admiration and respect, whether he be a Cameronian on the wild moors of Galloway, or a Jesuit on the gallows at Tyburn.

#### SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

NOTWITHSTANDING Peace Congresses and that diffusion of wealth which gives so many people a concern in general tranquillity, we seem to be rapidly reverting to that condition of society when there were openings everywhere for soldiers of fortune. They may, indeed, have to go further from home than formerly to find engagements; but then in these days of steam the journey from England to Asia Minor is far more easy than the journey used to be from Paris to Florence, when Italy was the Paradise of the armed adventurer. For the middle ages were, beyond a doubt, the golden ages of the profession. Not to speak of crusading princes who picked up crowns in the Orient, the wealthiest nations were in those days the least disposed to fight in defence of their possessions. The fairest plains of Italy were partitioned among an infinite number of petty republics and principalities, whose citizens thrived by trade and commerce. With little territorial elbow-room, and rivaling each other in a keen competition for business, they were perpetually quarrelling among themselves. Their accumulations were naturally the objects of



covetousness to neighbouring nobles who had their strongholds and rock-girt fastnesses in situations where the surroundings were as picturesque as they were barren. These robber potentates acted on the old principle of *sic vos non vobis*, and raised their revenues, when they could find them, by the right of the strongest. So the well-to-do citizens, in order to guard themselves against loss, hired warriors from the North to do the hard fighting. When Italians met Italians in the field the list of casualties was often marvellously small; but it became a different business altogether when German or French mercenaries mingled in the fray. Thus one band of foreigners came to be pitted against another, and a dashing leader might make sure of wealth, with the chances of winning a commanding position. Nerve and muscle were his stock-in-trade, and with audacity and skill in military tactics he was likely to rise to a most lucrative renown. His fame was bruited abroad beyond the Alps, and recruits from all poverty-stricken countries flocked eagerly to his standard. He became virtually master of the State or the tyrant that paid him, for he changed sides as he pleased, and a quarrel with him was to be avoided at any price. Sometimes he settled down in the State of his adoption, and lived and died in the dignified and lucrative position of commander-in-chief of its forces. Now and then, if his ambition was not to be satisfied even on these liberal terms, he gathered one of those hosts of condottieri that made peace and war on their own account, levying contributions everywhere by the mere menace of their presence. This irregular warfare more than supported itself, and the chiefs carried their chests of treasure about with them. Their encampments showed the most luxurious magnificence of the age, with their silken pavilions and splendid camp furniture, and their endless round of feasting and debauchery. They fared no less cheaply than sumptuously, for the food and wines were lightly come by; and, though they kept their horses in wind and their arms in order by the chivalrous exercises in which they delighted, the discipline can scarcely have been of the strictest. But audacity and impunity bred recklessness; and the discipline, such as it was, was good in comparison with that of any enemies they were likely to encounter.

The conditions of military adventure changed with the consolidation of kingdoms and the greater centralization of military power. The stuff that went to make the rank and file of armies found employment at home under native monarchs or feudal leaders. Yet still there were many excellent opportunities for the penniless cadets of fighting families. A prince who was jealous of intrigues at home, or more or less suspicious of his nobles, was glad to surround himself with guards who understood little of the language of his subjects, and who depended absolutely on himself. The French kings set an example in this respect. Many a poor Scotch gentleman, if he did not make his fortunes by marriage like Quentin Durward, found himself in clover in the Scottish Guard. If he had to submit to some restrictions on his personal liberty, he surrounded himself with all that in his esteem made life worth having, and was really more to be envied than the head of the family at home. In place of making shift for his living in a gloomy fortalice that was occasionally gutted or burned over his head, he had snug quarters in one of the Royal palaces, with horses and attendants, and a comfortable mess. He had pay that came to him sooner or later, although it was very apt to run into arrear; and he had occasional *douceurs* for deeds of special service, with the chance of loot in time of war or domestic trouble. We suspect that these magnificently appointed guardsmen, though their nominal rank might be only that of full private, were more to be envied than the soldiers of fortune who took service in regular armies a few generations later. The immortal Dugald Dalgetty, after spending the best part of his life in promiscuous foreign service, had only risen to the rank of Rittmeister. It is true that he changed his allegiance repeatedly, and a rolling stone gathers little moss. But then he shifted from side to side because he never had an opportunity of feathering his nest. The pay was no great thing at best, and, small as it was, it seldom could be counted upon. Their High Mightinesses the States of Holland, as he tells us, were the solitary exception that proved the rule. He admits that they were altogether unexceptionable as paymasters, and a man might grow sleek and fat in the Dutch service. But their good qualities as men of business had a shadowy side, and they set their faces against any license in the way of military indiscretions. If the citizens or their wives or daughters had cause of complaint, the Provost Marshal promptly interfered. In the Imperial armies, on the other hand, where the military coffers were always empty or nearly so, the soldiers were encouraged to take care of themselves. Still, though the burghers and peasants had to put up with their excesses, the means of existence must have been rather precarious. Under the immortal Gustavus, the Lion of the North, matters were still worse; for he insisted upon the strictest order and discipline, while the pay was painfully moderate; and the only chances for a cavalier of honour lay in the pickings he might scramble for during sack or storm. To be sure, such chances were by no means rare in those days; but we should imagine that towards the end of the Thirty Years' War the miserable people must have been so closely shorn that there was very little left to be stripped from them. There was incident enough in the life, no doubt, for those who liked excitement; and that was the best that could be said for it. There was abundance of hard fighting; there was a great deal of sharp starvation to be undergone in the course of the obstinately prolonged sieges; there were epidemics of strange and malignant kinds perpetually deci-

ating the troops in their campaigns; and, when a man dropped wounded, there were heavy odds against his receiving any decent attendance. The adventurers who went abroad in quest of gain had to content themselves with a moderate share of glory; most of them left their bones on forgotten battle-fields; and the few who came back, like Dugald Dalgetty, might think themselves lucky if they were as fortunate as he was in bringing a horse and weapons along with them. Since then warlike speculations of this kind have gone very much out of fashion. It is true that the petty German princes sold their subjects by herds like sheep for the wars of the last century; but, although armies might be partially recruited by contract from abroad, they were almost entirely officered from home. There was little hope of rising for strangers in the regular forces of great military Powers. Such intruders were looked upon, to say the least of it, rather coldly than otherwise; and even in corps like the Austrian cavalry, which have been a good deal affected by our countrymen, Englishmen have rarely risen beyond the rank of major.

There have been some exceptions, no doubt. There have always been semi-barbarous States that offered a sort of market to Western intelligence, dash, and education. While we were making ourselves masters of India piecemeal, and chiefly by dint of hard fighting, Frenchmen and Germans found occasional employment in drilling the levies that were opposing our advance. Now and then some refugee or waif of society rose slowly to distinction and office among the Turks, coming out as a full-blown Pasha with license to make the most of his pashalic. But these instances of success were comparatively rare, and there were various disagreeables which could scarcely be avoided in such a career. To recommend yourself to the favour of a Mahometan Power it is, or was, advisable, as a rule, to begin by turning renegade, and Christian gentlemen, however nominal their Christianity may be, have mostly a prejudice against conversion under such circumstances. However loosely religion may sit upon a man, the idea of renouncing it for gain is generally repugnant to the feelings. Moreover, as the military virtues are common enough among Mussulmans, it was only unusual energy or genius that could make sure of distancing native competition. With the Sultans and Maharajahs of Hindustan the state of the matter was somewhat different. Devoted as they might be to the gods of their mythology, they did not insist upon foreigners professing a belief in the divinity of Brahma or the incarnations of Vishnu; and, indeed, the jealous exclusiveness of the Brahminical and soldier castes would never have tolerated the profane intrusion of an infidel. But, though it was something to keep one's creed and one's honour, yet the life of the most honoured adventurer was always hanging by a thread, and his prosperity was staked on the caprices of a despot. A court intrigue or a mishap in the field might plunge him irremediably into the deepest disgrace, and the man whom the prince had delighted to honour might be cast into a dungeon on the shortest notice and subjected to every refinement of torment. Confiscation was the invariable penalty of disgrace, and if he had amassed money by presents or plunder, he had all the better reason for living in mortal apprehension. For his wealth was a standing provocation to have done with him; and if he carried it safely out of the country of his adoption, he might well take credit for unprecedented ingenuity and good luck. But now a more rosily-coloured era appears to be dawning on the world, when kingdoms and principalities and posts of advantage may be seen to be literally going a-begging. If we may judge by the events of the last few months, the great Empire of the Ottomans is in active course of dissolution. Its numerous nationalities, with their infinite subdivisions, are all in a ferment, and many of them are already looking towards the Franks. One province has already been absolutely clipped off; the throne must some day be filled by election, and the only thing that is certain is that, thanks to the jealousies of the Great Powers, no scion of any reigning House will be eligible. If the Empire goes on falling to pieces, there will be other bodies of electors looking out for a head to direct and a strong hand to control them, with no restrictions on their right of choice imposed by Europe in Congress. Should war once break out in Central Asia, the prospect of free-fighting there opens up brilliant possibilities. All preconceived combinations may be upset in the general confusion and turmoil; and the present vassals of Russia or her probable allies may possibly turn to her open enemies. The Chinese, who have been too much ignored of late, may very conceivably cut into the game, and may gladly welcome Europeans from the West to lead their "ever-victorious" armies on the Kuldja frontier. So that soldiers who grumble at slack promotion, and are conscious of possessing certain indispensable gifts, may look for chances of dazzling brilliancy. It is true that they must carry their lives in their hands, and make up their minds to face hazards and hardships. But, after all, there are many men who would as soon play fast and loose with their lives as with their fortunes; and even the fate of the most unfortunate speculators may seem preferable to that of the shareholders in a broken bank.

#### FOREIGN LOANS.

WE would invite the attention of intending investors to a short but very instructive and interesting paper printed in the appendix to the volume issued last week of the evidence given before the Stock Exchange Commission. It is on the subject of

foreign loans. There are symptoms that a change is taking place in public opinion with regard to these. The repudiation of Turkey, Peru, and so many other States, the difficulties of Egypt and the Argentine Confederation, and the disclosures of the Foreign Loans Committee brought them into an excessive discredit, which was aggravated by the reopening of the Eastern question and the apprehensions it excited. People sold out of really good securities and rushed in search of home investments. In their competition they ran up bank, insurance, gas, water, and railway stocks to an unprecedented height. A reaction was inevitable, and it is setting in severely. The failure of the City of Glasgow Bank has brought vividly before the minds of shareholders the risks of unlimited liability, and an extraordinary fall of bank shares is the consequence. The invention of Mr. Edison has given rise to a panic among gas proprietors. And the stationariness or decline of traffic in the "heavy" lines is depressing railway stock; while the condition of the coal, iron, and cotton industries has depreciated property in these. There is thus a danger that many kinds of home investments may become as discredited as foreign loans were a little while ago, and that the scandals relating to the latter may be forgotten in the newer scare excited by the occurrences to which we have referred. Nor will there be wanting persons to take advantage of this change in the public mind. We are, of course, not giving any opinion here as to whether particular loans are good or bad. We only wish to point out that the very first gleam of revived prosperity and credit will be accompanied by extensive foreign borrowing. Russia apparently finds it impossible to postpone any longer the funding of her vast floating debt. The mass of inconvertible paper to which she had recourse to pay for the war has not been reduced by a single rouble, and has become an intolerable burden. The Minister of Finance has visited Berlin, and is now in Paris, negotiating a loan, it is said. And, to aid his efforts, the *Journal de St. Petersburg* announces that a great increase of taxation is to be decreed. The other parties to the war against Turkey—Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro—are equally in need of money. They have, relatively to the resources of which they dispose, enormous unfunded liabilities; they desire to recast their military organization, to restore their war matériel, to consolidate their power in the annexed territories, and to provide roads and railways. In consequence of the occupation of Bosnia Austria and Hungary also must borrow to re-establish order in their finances. And there are other States, besides, intent upon increasing their debts. The British public will thus be solicited from many sides to lend, and the domestic events to which we have already referred will probably urge them to do so. It is desirable that they should not act on impulse and discover, when too late, as on so many previous occasions, that they have done foolishly. They should try to inform themselves of the actual state of affairs in each instance, and should decide the matter like men of business on strictly business considerations.

By way of illustrating the need of caution we proceed to analyse the paper of which we have spoken above. It was drawn up by Mr. Medley, a dealer on the Stock Exchange, who states that he gave five weeks to its compilation; and it purports to be a list of all the loans raised in London for foreign States, including therein the States of the American, Argentine, and Columbian federations, as well as the dependencies of Turkey, but excluding municipalities, counties, and other mere local authorities, and also, of course, excluding our own colonies and dependencies. The paper further distinguishes the loans on which partial or total default has been made from those respecting which all obligations have been fulfilled. According to Mr. Medley, the total amount that has been so lent is in round numbers 614,000,000*l.* sterling. That is to say, speaking roughly, a sum equal to a year's income of all the persons in the United Kingdom above the working classes has been advanced by this country alone to foreign States during the past half-century or so. Of the total sum thus lent, 157,000,000*l.* is in entire default, which is about twenty-six per cent. In other words, a trifle over one pound in every four has been either completely thrown away, or at any rate is now receiving no interest. The bankrupt States are, beginning with those for the heaviest amounts, Turkey, Peru, and Mexico, Venezuela, Honduras, Costa Rica, Paraguay, the Confederate States, Uruguay, Greece, Bolivia, Ecuador, San Domingo, Guatemala, Louisiana, Georgia, Poyais, and Liberia. The Confederate debt ought, perhaps, hardly to be included, as the repudiation was not voluntary. The Greek debt, again, was hardly an investment so much as a contribution from political sympathizers. Deducting these, the repudiations amount to almost 154,000,000*l.*, which is as nearly as possible 25 per cent. of the total loans. Any one who runs over the list of countries we have enumerated can judge for himself whether it is likely that much of the money thus thrown away will ever be recovered. In looking over the list the wonder, indeed, is that any men in their senses could have been duped into trusting the majority of the States. Turkey, Peru, and Mexico, indeed, undoubtedly possess great resources; and had the borrowing in the case of the first two been confined within reasonable limits, the interest might have been paid. The early loans, therefore, to Turkey and Peru might fairly deceive the most prudent. As regards Mexico also there were strange illusions afloat in the days when Canning boasted that he had called a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old. But what are we to say to those who were gulled by prospectuses, contractors, and Stock Exchange devices, into parting with their money to San Domingo, Paraguay, Honduras, and Poyais? The truth is, that men who could be so fooled were

certain to lose their money in one way or another. They had evidently never thought it necessary to inform themselves as to the condition and resources of those Central and South American Republics, or as to the character of the clever speculators who issued the glowing prospectuses, or as to the practicability of the schemes for which they were invited to provide funds.

The loans in partial default amount to the enormous sum of 175,000,000*l.*, or nearly thirty per cent. of the total raised. Foremost among the defaulting States is Spain, with its 109 millions of debt; next comes Egypt, then Portugal, then Austria, and then in order Columbia, the Argentine Confederation, Alabama, Buenos Ayres, Chili, Virginia, and the Danubian Principalities. The position of these several States, though they are all classed together by Mr. Medley, in reality differs very widely. Spain, for example, has repudiated, converted, ceased payment of interest, and again promised amendment, until finally the prospects of her creditors are not greatly better than those of Turkey. Egypt on the other hand, has been obliged to compromise, but, so far, has fairly well kept her engagements. The default of Portugal, again, was only temporary, and that of Austria consisted in the imposition of a heavy income-tax on the public creditor and the compulsory conversion of her liabilities. This heading, then, is misleading. To say that partial default has been made upon a specified sum gives us in reality no definite information. What we want to be told is the proportion of the interest due which has not been paid; but that would, doubtless, be hardly ascertainable. However, the fact that the obligations contracted by so many States, one of them ranking among the Great Powers of Europe, and all of them civilized and possessed of varied resources, have not been fulfilled, is evidence of the dangers attending loans to foreign Governments. It is obvious that the business requires special knowledge, the more so as there are no means of compelling a sovereign State to keep its engagements. The man who would lend to a private person of whom he knew nothing would be thought deserving of little commiseration if he lost his money. How much more requisite it is that a lender should inform himself of the resources of a borrowing State, of the value which its people attach to good credit and an untarnished financial reputation, of the intelligence, honesty, and public honour of its governing classes.

The loans in entire or partial default together amount to 332,000,000*l.*, or fifty-four per cent. of the total raised. Thus stated, the figures seem to prove incontestably that foreign lending has been a very unprofitable business. This must be taken, however, with some correction. A large proportion of the loans in partial default have always yielded a handsome rate of interest, if less than that originally promised. Many of them were issued at an enormous discount, so that, even after conversion or compromise, the return was not unremunerative. Another point to be borne in mind is that the loans greatly stimulated British trade. This point is very clearly illustrated by Mr. Giffen in his *Stock Exchange Securities*. There is, however, this serious drawback, that when the flow of English capital is checked the foreign consumption falls off and our export trade suffers a collapse. On the whole, the net losses have been much less than would at first sight appear from a bare statement of the figures quoted; for to the considerations already mentioned ought to be added the action of sinking funds. Nevertheless, when all allowances have been made, the result is humiliating enough. Folly, credulity, and rashness have deprived the saving classes of this country of immense sums which, if wisely employed, would have rewarded thrift, promoted industry, and diffused prosperity. Had men taken the trouble to understand the real condition of the countries to which they were invited to lend their money, they never would have trusted them.

#### THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

WE lately made a few remarks upon the difficulty of framing such a handicap as the Cesarewitch, for which race one hundred and thirteen horses were entered. If this was a hard piece of work for the compiler, what must have been the labour of making the Cambridgeshire, for which one hundred and seventy-one subscriptions were taken? And yet the more difficult task was, on the whole, the more successfully performed; for, although so many more horses were entered for this event, no more were withdrawn at the time of declaration of forfeits than in the Cesarewitch. It was evident therefore that, of the two great autumn handicaps, the Cambridgeshire gave most satisfaction to owners of racehorses.

It is the fashion to speak of the Cambridgeshire as the great handicap of the year for fast, but non-staying, horses; but, although it is not a race which requires any great amount of stamina, people are apt to forget those two hundred and forty yards over the mile, which are far from welcome to many of our speediest horses. Some of the fastest horses in training are much better at six furlongs than a mile; but when they are hard pressed for even a couple of hundred yards over the latter distance, they are not the same animals within several pounds. Accordingly, when making a handicap over the Cambridgeshire course, the compiler of the weights has to make it one of his first duties to discover which of the large class of horses that are designated "milers" are capable of staying rather over than under the distance for which their generic name implies that they



are fitted. This difficult task has to be performed to a great extent from mere conjecture, and its uncertain nature helps to render the Cambridgeshire that which it certainly is—one of the most gambling races of the season. It is true that its course is free from those dangerous turns and twists which make the Chester Cup both perilous and uncertain; but, on the other hand, when lots are drawn for places at the start in the October race, those horses which have the good fortune to secure the upper ground on the right-hand side gain a considerable advantage; and although a horse with a strong back and loins, together with short and strong hind shanks, may not suffer much from getting off on the lower ground, an animal in which these characteristics are wanting might almost as well have several pounds more to carry as start on the extreme left of the course. Strength, speed, and a habit of jumping off quickly at the starting-post, are some of the most desirable qualifications for this race, and great staying power is almost the only equine virtue which can well be dispensed with. Such characteristics being required, it has become common to speak of a "Cambridgeshire horse," and trainers who make this race their special study are on the look-out from quite early in the season for animals of this peculiar stamp. When they have found them they too often run them in one or two races for which they know them to be unfitted, and after getting them easily beaten, they keep them in reserve for the great race of the Houghton Meeting. The large number of horses which often start for this race is a great source of uncertainty. When a crowd of horses get off for a comparatively short race there is generally a tremendous scramble at starting; some are pulling the children on their backs almost out of the saddle; some are being hurried through the rack by jockeys famous for their cleverness at jumping away with a lead; one perhaps is going sideways, and another is kicking; it cannot, therefore, be a matter of great surprise if the best horse in the race has his chance seriously interfered with before a hundred yards of the course have been traversed. For these and other reasons the Cambridgeshire is an exciting race to betting men; and we need not say that, for the same causes, its interest is materially diminished to mere lovers of racing apart from gambling. Yet, with all its faults, a race in which some thirty or forty horses are likely to take part will always be an irresistible attraction to those who are fond of seeing thoroughbreds gallop. Then the non-betting man may amuse himself by mentally backing the good public performers against the "pulled," the "dark," and the "privately tried" horses—taking his payment in gratification at the triumph of virtue when one of his own representatives is successful, and being none the poorer when success favours the opposite faction.

The Cambridgeshire apparently sustains its popularity, for this year it had, as we have said, 171 entries. Although the Cesarewitch turned out a failure, the handicap had appeared beforehand to be an excellent one. Even more might have been said for the aspect on paper of the Cambridgeshire. Numbers of horses were backed to win it for large sums of money, and the race was thought to be one of a particularly open character. The first half-dozen horses in the Cesarewitch were to meet again in the Cambridgeshire. Although Rosebery had won both events, it was the general opinion among racing men that the necessary preparation for a very long race unfitted a horse for a short one; and, partly perhaps for this reason, and partly because he had now 13 lbs. more weight to carry, but little support was accorded to Jester. Master Kildare, who had run sixth for the Cesarewitch, and who had now a pound less to carry, was one of the leading favourites, and his third place in the St. Leger seemed to justify his position in the betting. The American mare, Start, who had run second in the Cesarewitch, had only 3 lbs. more to carry now, and as she was an extremely good-looking mare, and had shown speed in the longer race, she had her friends. Shillelagh, who had run third to Jester and Start, had made a good fight of it for a short time with Jingleur in last year's Cambridgeshire, and had run at an amazing pace both in the Goodwood Stakes and the Cesarewitch, but he never seemed to maintain his excellent style of going as far as the winning post. Roehampton and Lancaster, who had run fourth and fifth for the Cesarewitch, were simply a couple of bad horses with light weights on their backs. So much, therefore, as to the Cesarewitch division.

A far more interesting lot were the better class of public performers. First among these was Lord Clive. This horse had run very badly in the Rous Stakes at Ascot and in the Epsom Cup; but his other performances, when he was not crushed out with weight, were almost up to Derby form, and many regrets had been expressed at his enforced absence from that race through an error in his nomination. Objections had been made to the chance of his winning the Cambridgeshire on account of his laziness in starting—a serious fault in a competitor for this event. As to his half-brother Hampton, there could be little doubt that he was among the best half-dozen horses in training; but 9 st. 3 lbs. was a weight which had never before been carried to victory in this race. The nearest approach to such a feat had been achieved in the very first Cambridgeshire that was ever run, nearly forty years ago, when Lanercost won under 8 st. 9 lbs. Placida, the Oaks winner of last year, had this very weight to carry, and she had seemed to be out of form this season. A fortnight before the Cambridgeshire, however, she had made a very fine rush in the First Great Challenge Stakes, running within three-quarters of a length of the speedy Lollypop, to whom she was giving 4 lbs., sex, and a year; and this, moreover, over Lollypop's favourite distance, six furlongs. The enormous Thunderstone had beaten Verneuil

at even weights in the Claret Stakes at the Newmarket Craven Meeting; but, after thus raising great expectations as to his future career, he had entirely failed to fulfil them. There did not in consequence appear to be any grounds for supposing him to be capable of winning under 8 st. 3 lbs. The aged Ecossais, by Blair Athol, had been out eighteen times this season already, and had won half-a-dozen races, nor could there be any question as to his speed; but a mile was generally understood to be the limit of his best running, while five furlongs were far more to his taste. His prospects, therefore, over a mile and 240 yards under 8 st. 3 lbs. were not considered particularly brilliant. Brie, the winner of the French Oaks, had beaten Mantille at Paris, but she was rather uncertain in her performances. Clocher and Mantille, two stable companions, had both earned distinction, the one having beaten Insulaire at even weights, and the other having beaten Fontainebleau at weight for age; but much of the running of both had been very indifferent, if not absolutely bad. Yet, in a stable distinguished for its success in handicaps and for its surprises in weight-for-age races, these were just the sort of animals which were likely to be dangerous, and their trainer had furnished the winner in three out of five of the last Cambridgeshires. Greenback was weighted within a couple of pounds of Master Kildare, who was of the same age. This year he had won five out of seven races; but he had not been tested in first-rate company, and he was a little lighter in his middle piece than a Cambridgeshire trainer would have wished. Touchet, who had run fairly as a two-year-old, had been singularly unsuccessful as a three and four-year-old. At Ascot this year he had done best, having beaten Rylstone and Norwich. He was known to be nervous and queer-tempered, but he was now to be ridden by Fordham, a singularly successful jockey with horses of such temperaments. There only remains to be noticed that very important section of a handicap field, the horses which had hitherto failed to distinguish themselves in public, but which had the reputation of having run sufficiently well in private trials to justify the idea that, under their light imposts, they had great prospects of victory. Into the merits of these we decline to enter. We neither profess nor wish to be conversant with stable secrets or the mysteries of touting. We will only observe that Macbeth, the first favourite for the race, as well as Tallos and Isonomy, belonged to this division.

Thirty-eight horses went to the post, and after a very tedious delay, caused by exhibitions of temper on the part of several of the competitors, they at last got away to a fair start. Although the pace was but moderate, the field began to straggle before it had gone more than a quarter of a mile. Macbeth, the first favourite, who was said to have been tried so highly with Julius Cæsar that his success was a certainty, was never in the race; and Greenback, who was the second favourite, had so worn himself out by giving way to temper at the starting-post, that, although he showed great speed at one part of the race, he was quite useless. Ecossais ran fast, but soon had had enough of it. Placida, Hampton, and Master Kildare all went very well until an advanced part of the race, when the outsider Isonomy and Touchet came away and fought out the battle between them, closely followed by La Merveille. As they neared the winning-post Touchet was beaten, and eventually Isonomy won by a couple of lengths. Hampton, considering his heavy weight of 9 st. 3 lbs., ran well, finishing fourth, less than three lengths behind the winner. Of the first half-dozen in the Cesarewitch only Master Kildare took any part in the race. Isonomy is a three-year-old, by Sterling, who once ran second and once third for the Cambridgeshire under very heavy weights. His dam was Isola Bella, by Stockwell. His only public performances prior to the Cambridgeshire had been in three races last year, one of which he had won, but he had not been opposed on that occasion by any horses of special merit. After his victory in the Cambridgeshire people suddenly discovered that he was a very good-looking colt. It is amazingly easy to be wise after the event.

## REVIEWS.

### LANG'S CYPRUS.\*

AMONG the many hastily printed books on Cyprus, Mr. Lang's ought to be the most valuable. He knows the country well. For several years he was manager of the Imperial Ottoman Bank Agency at Larnaca. At intervals he acted as Vice-Consul, and he was appointed full Consul in 1871. In the following year he obtained a more interesting position in Egypt, and left the island of which he now offers an account to English readers. Mr. Lang has not only had plenty of experience, but he is plainly a man of energy and enterprise. He is a good man of business, a keen observer, a successful farmer; and yet his book is no book at all, but a mere congeries of ill-assorted fragments. To be plain, the work is not "written," as the French say. Casual scraps of magazine articles and old reports have fallen in with casual type and binding, as in the *Anti-Jacobin*,

casual bricks in airy climb  
Encountered casual mortar, casual lime.

\* *Cyprus: its History, its Present Resources, and Future Prospects.* By R. Hamilton Lang, late H.M. Consul for the Island of Cyprus. With Two Illustrations and Four Maps. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

It was perhaps inevitable that Mr. Lang should begin by assuring us that "the island is thought to have derived its name 'Cyprus' from a shrub extensively found in it." No writer spares us that piece of information, which we seem to have read some forty times in the last four months. Then we come to Kittim, or Chittim, and some peculiar ethnographic theories, all out of Mr. Lang's own head. He conjectures that the peculiar Cypriot written character "belonged to a people settled in the island before the arrival of either Phœnician or Greek colonists." Now the book of Genesis says that the sons of Javan dwelt in Kittim. Mr. Lang converts this proposition into "The dwellers in Kittim were sons of Javan"—that is, Ionian. Now, "if we presume that the writer of Genesis was Moses," of course Moses at the Egyptian court had the best means of getting accurate information. The early Cypriots, then, were Aryans, of the Greek stock, who invented a system of writing long before the Phœnicians imparted theirs to the Greeks of Europe or Asia. The Lycian alphabet, however, resembles that of Cyprus, and "it is thus that, by his language and his writing, we can follow the footsteps of the Cyprian Javanian emigrant back to Phrygia, the parent home of the Cyprian, Lycian, and Ionian wanderers," where we may leave him.

Mr. Lang's speculations seem to us premature; but, as he was the discoverer of the bilingual inscription which gave the key to the Cypriot character, his real services to archaeology outweigh the disservice of hasty guessing. After the remarks on the Cypriot character, he gives a sketch of the early history of the island, observing that "all that transpired before the sixteenth century B.C. must be left to pure conjecture." We have heard so much lately of the history of Cyprus that it was scarcely necessary for Mr. Lang to devote nearly two hundred pages to it. He might have illustrated what he had to say by references to archaeological discoveries; but, for some reason, he gives his thirty pages of archaeology at the very end of the volume, between an account of his tour in the island and a chapter on the management of his farm. It should not be necessary to tell him that neither the "Trojan" remains at Hissarlik nor the treasures of Curium were found in "tombs." Mr. Lang's historical sketch seems to be meant to prove that, as Cyprus was prosperous at intervals in the past, it may be prosperous again under British rule. There is, indeed, little doubt that we can improve the desolate place. From *Kύπρος* (26 Σεπτεμβρίου) we learn that "porpoise-hide boots from Ludgate Hill" have been introduced. *Kύριος* Aristeides Tzipho, too, advertises his *ἀποθήκας πλήρεις διαφόρων ποτῶν, οἶον [sic] Κόριακ, Βερμούιτ κ. τ. λ.* Cognac and Vermouth are liquors eminently grateful in a climate like that of Cyprus, and all these comforts will readily be provided by English energy. From history Mr. Lang glides into contemporary politics, and writes quite as Mr. Cross might speak. Cyprus is to be a kind of model farm. "As it is easier to imitate than to initiate, the task of the Sublime Porte is thereby immensely facilitated." This, Mr. Lang says, is the view of people who believe that Turkey can be regenerated "by the hands of its present dominant race." Example is everything; but as our government in Cyprus rests on the principle of the equality of races and religions before the law, while the government of the Turkish Empire reposes on the basis of a dominant religion and a dominant race, the Turks have certainly a good deal still to learn. Their *cadis*, or judges, belong, says Mr. Lang, "to a religious school imbued with all the bigotry of a pharisaical sect." Mr. Lang says that "Corfu is as well off to-day under the Greeks as it was when under the model government of the world." Yet he does not pretend that the Turkish administration on the mainland has been at all improved by the sweet influences of Corfu. Why, then, should the Turks learn so much from Cyprus? In almost the next page he speaks of "the monomania of Hellenic aspirations." Why people should be called "monomaniacs" because they wish to be as prosperous as other Greeks, who again are "as well off as when they were under the model government of the world," we cannot imagine. Mr. Lang heaps up examples of the indolent and wasteful extortion of the Turkish Government in Cyprus. A road was to be made between Nicosia and Larnaca. "Four times what was required to make the road was extracted from the island, and the road never was made." Yet Mr. Lang calls Greeks "monomaniacs" for wishing to escape from this kind of misrule and to be self-governed, while he acknowledges that the result of self-government in Corfu has been absolutely successful. But Cyprus is not only to be a model farm, it is to be a kind of police-station. The administration in Asia, after all, may resist our beneficent example. In that case, by people "who foresee in the near future a severe crisis through which the populations of Turkey must pass to attain their deliverance from fatal misgovernment, the British position in Cyprus will be valued . . . as a wholesome check upon any possible outbreak of Mussulman fanaticism in the last flicker of a dying light." These disinterested views were shared, it seems, by that eminent philanthropist the late Emperor Napoleon. It is pleasing to learn from Mr. Lang that by taking Cyprus we have done just what our faithful ally meant to do. "France, from her *pied-à-terre* in Cyprus would have ruled, or at least overlooked, Syria." "France and England were to move forward side by side to dispel the darkness and overthrow the oppression which enshrouded the domains of the Sultan." Unfortunately, "the fatal campaign of 1871 forced France to abandon an active foreign policy." Thus we shall never know how England would have enjoyed seeing France occupy Cyprus out of sheer benevolence. We do know, however, what we think of other Powers which

annex territory on the plea of "dispelling the darkness and overthrowing the oppression which enshrouded the domains" of their neighbours. We call such Powers hypocritical filibusters, and there is a great deal too much of this Pecksniffian tone at home.

Mr. Lang's chapters on archaeology are meagre and fanciful, and there is nothing in his political statements which has not been said on many platforms, and in myriads of leading articles. The real kernel of what Mr. Lang has to say was published in his papers in *Macmillan's Magazine*, which are extended and reprinted here. The rest of his book is padding, and very second-rate padding. Though the climate of Cyprus has been much discussed of late, more perhaps than the importance of the topic warranted, Mr. Lang has no chapter, and only a few sentences, on the subject. He himself enjoyed good health, like the family of General di Cesnola. It is not till thousands of troops are casually thrown on a broiling yet marshy island, with no proper appliances, that the attention of men is much called to climate. We quote Mr. Lang's very sensible remarks on the subject:—

The island is very commonly called unhealthy, but I object to the expression until I know what is meant. If it is meant that Englishmen cannot go out there without considerable risk during the summer months of catching fever and ague, I admit its correctness. But to what country, with the thermometer generally about 90° in the shade, can Englishmen, with their national love of heavy eating and alcoholic liquors, be sent without incurring a considerable risk of sickness of some kind? A large portion of those who go to Cyprus will enjoy as good health as they can hope for in any country. Further, I object to blaming the climate for evils which result from defective sanitary regulations, and especially from the over-crowding, without previous preparation, of towns without sewers, without street-cleaners, surrounded by stagnant pools and all that the laziness and indifference of man can accomplish to infect the air. I must judge of the healthiness or unhealthiness of the climate from its effects upon those who, from long usage, live in accordance with its requirements, and who inhabit places free from exceptional and removable disadvantages. Judged by this standard, the climate of Cyprus cannot be declared unhealthy. It is inhabited, as it has been from time immemorial, by a perfectly healthy and robust native population, free from all serious sickness, and living to a hale old age. The climate of which this can be said cannot be called unhealthy. Facts, however, often carry more conviction than reasoning, and it is a fact that I lived in Larnaca, and went about the island summer and winter during nine years, and never enjoyed better health anywhere. My sister spent four years there with a similar experience. The consular changes which I witnessed during my residence there were of three French consuls, three Italian consuls, three British vice-consuls, two American consuls, and the only casualties amongst them were the death of a French consul from cholera and of an Italian consul when absent from the island. All the others, although disgusted with an inactive life destitute of social resources, left the island in perfectly robust health, and never suffered from any serious sickness. Of the pernicious fevers recounted by Dr. Clarke, who spent ten days in the island, I can only say that I never heard of them during my residence, although they may have existed before my arrival.

As to the proper precautions, Mr. Lang writes thus:—

Watchfulness and proper precaution is the best preventive against intermittent fever and sunstroke. Excessive exertion is imprudent. All ices are to be avoided, they can only safely be indulged in when the body is perfectly cool, and even then they must be taken very slowly. My experience was that all cold drinks and too cool clothing are unsuitable to the climate of Cyprus. I had to avoid linen clothing from a tendency to catch a chill producing dysentery. This chill came upon me when I sat down in the cool day breeze, with the pores of the skin opened from perspiration. I found light flannel or tweed clothing the safest, with a silk "ceinture" round the waist. Wearing this "ceinture" I could dispense with a vest, which is a great relief.

We have now left that part of Mr. Lang's work which calls for severe criticism. When he writes about agriculture and produce he writes like a man of experience and understanding. The wheat of Cyprus is diminished in value by a form of thrashing nearly as old as Eastern agriculture. The bullocks do not tread out the corn, but draw a flat board, set with flints, over it. The result is, that the grain is more gritty than need be. Mr. Lang tried a threshing-machine, but his bullocks refused to eat the straw chopped by the modern process. Like conservative animals, they would feed on no straw except that which had been shredded by the primitive threshing-board. No machine has yet been invented which at once threshes the grain and shreds the straw as the bullocks like to have it done. Now there is no other food for the bullocks except the straw, for "to grow hay where I could grow grain was absurd, to grow trefoil as a summer crop, instead of cotton or beans, would have been still more absurd." The material progress of the East is delayed till men can invent a machine that will satisfy the bullocks, or till the bullocks can accommodate themselves to the inventions of men. In the same way the reform of Asia stands still till the Porte can eat our Western chopped straw and live cleanly, or till we can at once extract a sufficient revenue and supply the Porte with the orthodox shredded straw, the diamonds and new palaces, of its traditions.

The history of Cypriot agriculture under the old *régime* might be stated in a sentence. The husbandmen found corn, or wine, or cotton, or tobacco pay, and the Porte crushed the trade by dimes and other taxes. Mr. Lang does not think the system of tithes, when fairly worked, injurious to the primitive economy of the island. "It may prove a great blessing in the hands of an intelligent administration":—

The tithe-tax, although apparently very heavy, is paid by the peasants with far less grumbling than any other tax, and the only disadvantage connected with it is the impediment which the measures necessary for its proper collection are apt to throw in the way of the freedom of the cultivator. This disadvantage is certainly very serious, and when speaking of the cultivation of cotton, I had occasion to give a very good example of the hurtful way in which it may operate. Many schemes have been proposed in Turkey for its abolition, but the difficulty is to find an equally profitable source of revenue which will vary according to the prosperous or adverse circumstances of the cultivator.



A tax on land would fall on soil not under cultivation; a tax on bullocks would fall with unjust severity on the small cultivator. The system of a fixed average tithe is baffled by the alternations of good years, when the Treasury benefits little, and of bad years when the peasant can pay nothing. These difficulties must last till land becomes "a sure and good source of credit." As the Turks of late exacted an eighth instead of a true dime, the first fiscal measure of our Government should be the reduction of the tax to its proper rate. At present many villages are in arrears to the Porte. Are the Turkish tax-gatherers to collect these, or are we to collect them or make them good? Do Cypriots cease to be liable for military service to the Porte, and does Turkey lose the small sum paid by Cypriot Christians for exemption? These are difficult questions to which we can supply no answer. According to Mr. Lang, the Turkish subject does not suffer so much from the regular incidence of taxation as from the various caprices and happy thoughts of his rulers. "Every year he is victimized for some new or exceptional object." Nothing funnier than the "Provincial Agricultural Bank" was ever devised by the most eminently Christian Bank Director north of the Tweed. The capital was extorted from the peasants, and was to be lent to the needier among them at eight per cent. They declared they were all equally needy. "Then divide it among you in the proportions in which you paid it." Alas, before the second year came it was found that the reserve had disappeared. "It was gone. The bubble was allowed to burst. The desired effect had been produced upon Europe. New schemes fully occupied public attention." Advances to husbandmen made on a better principle cannot but benefit the condition of Cyprus, where a bad year makes the peasants the chattels of exorbitant petty usurers. On the whole question of the cost of administration Mr. Lang writes thus:—

British administration will certainly be more costly than that of the Turkish Government, but it will also be more effective. It will only, therefore, be mismanagement which will make Cyprus a burden to the imperial Treasury, and the remedy for this mismanagement will speedily be found when the accounts are published. The urgent necessity is that the accounts connected with the general administration of the island should not be mixed up with those which concern imperial interests. For works of general utility, such as irrigation, roads, and government offices, the local administration may well be debited with the interest upon the capital judiciously and economically expended, but the imperial Treasury alone must support the cost of barrack accommodation, a harbour for ironclads, and military depôts.

"A harbour for ironclads" will cost immense sums, we fear, though Mr. Lang is sanguine about the Venetian harbour at Famagosta. "A French steamer of the Frassinetti Company once entered the harbour, and lay in it some days when undergoing repairs which could only be made in calm weather." This is indeed encouraging. Mr. Lang "does not pretend," however, "to be a competent authority." He recommends to his countrymen "the wise injunction of an eminent statesman, 'learn to be patient.'" This was the advice of the eminent statesman to those monomaniacs, the Greeks; *Pazienza* is rather an Italian than an English motto, and we prefer working to waiting. We shall have plenty of both before we make Cyprus prosperous. As to making it useful, that is another affair. It is our reward to do good, without thought of advantage, like Dr. Jenkins in M. Daudet's *Nabab*.

Mr. Lang's work leaves on us the impression that he is as good a man of business and as sincere a friend of the Cypriots as he is a bad book-maker. If his volume were reduced to a quarter of its present bulk, it would be much more valuable; for the history and archaeology, the theories and politics, only distract attention from topics which the author understands, and on which his advice is well worth consideration. If our administration in Cyprus is not to be a failure, we must follow, as he says, "a system in which the natives can give us effectual aid." "Our task must not be to make Englishmen of the Cypriotes, but to possess as subjects happy and prosperous Cypriotes."

#### LOCKWOOD'S MONGHYR.\*

WE have had of late so many pretentious books on India telling us nothing which has not been better told already, that we welcome a modest volume which is confined to the limits of a single district. The author of this work is a member of the Bengal Civil Service, who, instead of being shifted capriciously as some men are, or used to be, from Sylhet to Cuttack and from Chittagong to Patna, spent four consecutive years in one district at a time when his experience was really valuable. He is a good naturalist and a careful observer. He seems to have identified himself with the well-being of the native population, and to have acquired their regard and confidence as far as can be expected in days when Englishmen are no longer welcomed as deliverers from native tyranny or worshipped as avatars of justice, but are severely criticized in such vernacular papers as the "Herald of Truth" and the "Moonlight of Intelligence," and are liable to civil actions if from excess of zeal they happen to deviate one inch from the strictest letter of a civil or criminal code. We do not place this work on the same level as "*Life in the Mofussil*," by an Ex-Civilian; nor does it at all clash with the statistical account of the same district to be found in Mr. Hunter's volumes. But it is pleasant reading; the glimpses of natives, with their credulity and their dependence

on us, are instructive; a good deal is compressed into a reasonable compass; the value of the letterpress is enhanced by several drawings of curious plants, gigantic insects, and alarming fishes; and, with the exception of a chapter on Syria and Palestine, which the author visited on his way home, there is little which we could wish altered or excised. The only connexion between Monghyr and the Holy Land is that the author discovered the ruddy sheldrake or Brahminy duck to be common to both countries, and that he notices the fact that in the latter country may be found certain other birds which occasionally wander as far east as India and as far west as the British Isles. We wish that Mr. Lockwood had been a little more explicit about a Mohammedan tradition referring to the burning of a saint of that religion whom he terms Kalilulla. The Patriarch Abraham is termed by Mohammedans Khalil-Ulla. And we take the liberty of doubting whether the author did not misunderstand the language of the late Dr. Duff, when he makes that foremost of missionaries say that he "had never known a true native convert to the Christian faith." Dr. Duff himself made, or helped to make, several such; and men who really appreciate what a Hindu has to give up when he deserts the religion of his fathers for another must allow that more sincere Christians or more true ornaments of the Church are scarcely to be found anywhere than the Rev. Lal Behari Dè and the Rev. Krishna Mohan Banerji. The former belonged to the second order or *gens* of the Bengali Kayasta, and the latter was a very Brahmin of Brahmins.

Monghyr itself is a good-sized district in the province of Behar. It is, as Mr. Lockwood pointedly remarks, divided into two distinct and very dissimilar portions by the Ganges. The northern portion, for products, resembles the neighbouring districts of Purnea and Dinagepore, and abounds in mango-trees, wheat, indigo, pulses, millet, and mustard. Divers and waders visit this tract every cold season in enormous numbers. It is no exaggeration to say that the sound of their wings when disturbed "resembles waves breaking on a troubled shore." We may add that a couple of barrels discharged at what seems to be a bank of mud, but is really a vast concourse of living ducks, teal, and widgeon, is responded to by the flocks rising with the noise of a salvo of artillery. That part of Monghyr which lies to the south or on the right bank of the Ganges resembles, in fauna and flora, the Santal Pergunnahs. Rocks and hilly ranges take the place of marshes and alluvial plains. Partridges of more than one kind are seen, instead of polders and crested grebes. And the sportsman who beats the jungles at the foot of the hills which are described from the East Indian Railway must be prepared to meet with a tiger or a bear. The population of the district, like that of many others, was discovered at the last census to be nearly two millions, or much in excess of what had been supposed; and, when rocks, forests, and marshes are excluded, it seems that every mile of cultivation has to support seven hundred souls. The head station of the district is also called Monghyr. The town is picturesquely situated on a rocky soil, round which the waters of the Ganges fret and chafe in vain. The old fort mentioned by Orme and early historians still exists, though its ramparts are mere pleasure-grounds, and the only traces of the military element are a few veterans and pensioners. The gates and drawbridges, if we remember aright, still remain, with the ditch. On a clear day, especially at the close of the rainy season, the overworked and languid official can refresh himself with an occasional glimpse of the snow-capped Himalayas; and of late years Monghyr has been connected by a branch of some six miles in extent with the main line of the East Indian Railway. Not far from the station a place called Jumalpoore, like Wolverton on the London and North-Western, has swollen from a mere village to a gigantic workshop; and near it is to be seen the only tunnel between Calcutta and Delhi. The history of this unnecessary perforation is curious. A chain of hills intercepted the line marked out for the East Indian Railway, and it was suggested that, by a deflection towards Monghyr, which lay on the river-bank and beyond the line of hills, all blasting of rock might be avoided. But some engineer thought a stretch of more than a thousand miles of railway without one tunnel to be a sheer anomaly in civil engineering; and so the tunnel was made, although this project entailed the subsequent construction of a separate branch line to Monghyr. There are one or two attractions to visitors at this station besides the Ganges, which in the rainy season is like an inland sea dotted with islands, and even in the hot and cold seasons sends down a considerable volume of water in a somewhat capricious and uncertain bed. Pir-Pahar, or the "Saint's Mountain," two or three miles from the station, used to be the residence of the Collector or the Joint-Magistrate. We regret to hear that it has been for some years abandoned to leopards and jackals, and is only visited by picnic parties or tenanted by a native gentleman for a short period. We can endorse all that the author says regarding the splendid panorama to be seen by any one who likes to ascend Pir-Pahar. The height is moderate, but the "Saint" has no rivals or neighbours, and he commands a view of a vast plain with jungle here and forest there, the river on one side and the railway on the other, and dense groves of fruit trees alternating with every variety of splendid crops. Another show place is the Well of Sita. The legend is that hot water burst out from the ground to attest the unsullied purity and innocence of the wife of Rama when recovered from the grasp of the giant Ravana, and that it has continued to flow ever since. A similar sanctity is, however, claimed for other wells in different parts of India on the ground of the same tradition. But the purity and excellence of the water may

\* *Natural History of Sport and Travel.* By Edward Lockwood, Bengal Civil Service, late Magistrate of Monghyr. London: Allen & Co.

compete with any rivals. We recollect an ancient civilian who, when removed to a neighbouring station, never would drink any water but that of Sita Koond. Measures have been taken, we are glad to say, to prevent defilement of the spring and to combine the claims of Hindu pilgrims and Anglo-Indian households; and this superfluous water forms a large lake, once frequented by myriads of water-fowl, but now too much disturbed by sportsmen, who think nothing in India of going to shoot sixty miles or so up or down a line of railway. Altogether, Monghyr will always rank high, for comfort and attractiveness, amongst the stations of Bengal, although society is limited and though it is swept by hot winds for a few weeks in the month of May.

Mr. Lockwood, besides giving us the results of his investigation into natural history, has something to say on manners and customs, which laws cannot change nor edicts alter. Men of a low caste named Mushir live on roots, coarse grain, mice, and snails, and are accustomed to sell themselves as bondsmen to Hindus of independent position. A deed of sale, whereby A. B. Mushir, on the receipt of some five rupees for the expenses of his marriage, hands over his freedom to a Rajpoot, came into the author's possession, and a very curious production it is. We were already aware that domestic slavery existed under our rule, notably in the province of Assam. The deed contemplates a reference to the courts of law for breach of contract; but it is very questionable whether Anglo-Indian tribunals, however accommodating, would not declare the bond worthless on grounds of public policy and morality. Two scenes—the one at what is misnamed a monastery and the other at the court of a native honorary magistrate—are worth special notice. At the former Mr. Lockwood witnessed a scene of indescribable confusion during the distribution of grain to hideous mendicants and paupers. Certain land had been assigned rent-free to a Hindu family on condition that the proceeds should feed him and his descendants, and be then given in doles to the poor. Of course this gave rise to the usual complaints of malversation and unfairness in the distribution; but the magistrate could only suggest order and method in the actual relief of the hungry crowd, and refer discontented parties to their remedy by a civil action. Government is, in fact, always placed in a dilemma with regard to lands set apart for religious and charitable purposes. If it sees to the due application of funds according to the bequest of the founder, it is charged with countenancing paganism and idolatry. If it lets matters alone, its officers are harassed with stories of fraudulent misappropriation, which they are powerless to prevent. The other scene was the trial of a case of common assault, and the examination was protracted to a length which would have satisfied an English coroner. Mr. Lockwood is hopeful of the experiment of unpaid native magistrates. They cost nothing, and they are fairly good judges of the value of evidence. But the specimens of questions put satisfy us that natives, with all their aptitude for legal analogies, have not yet learnt the art of extracting the truth by cross-examination. A characteristic story, illustrative of the apathy of natives where human life is concerned, is told at p. 200. A woman of the fisher caste fell into the Ganges somewhere in the Patna district with a bundle of sticks of the castor-oil plant; and on this frail support she drifted down the Ganges in the rainy season for no less than twenty-four hours, praying, as Horatius did to the Tiber, to Gungu Mātā. Those who know the selfishness displayed by Hindus and Mohammedans when a vessel is upset or a fire rages will not be surprised to hear that the woman passed village after village and boat after boat, and yet no one moved hand or oar to aid her. At last an eddy brought her close to the station of Monghyr, and she was saved by a friend of the author's, who manned his boat at once. This incident is followed by an account of the sad death of the late Bishop Cotton, of which Mr. Lockwood was an eye-witness. It will only renew the sorrow felt by friends that so valuable a life should have been sacrificed to gross carelessness.

Though Mr. Lockwood is more devoted to natural history than to mere sport, he could not pursue his favourite pastime without the aid of his gun. So we find constant notices of the existence of game, or, more properly, of its gradual diminution owing to the abundance of vermin, the want of a close season, and indiscriminate slaughter by Santals and others, who are always ranging the jungles with guns and bows and arrows, although the proficiency of the noble savage in archery seems to have been much overrated. There is a sketch and a short account of the Tupai, or tree-shrew, which is like a cross between a rat and a squirrel; and generally the zoology of the district has been well investigated. The sportsman who reads accounts in this and similar works of the myriads of ducks, snipe, and quail that haunt the plains and marshes of Bengal and Behar in the cold weather, and then is told to consider himself lucky if a hard day's work in the jungles is rewarded by a few brace of partridges or jungle-fowl, may be at a loss to reconcile these contradictory stories. He cannot understand why he may load a canoe with waterfowl in one case and can hardly fill a moderate-sized game-bag or notched stick in the other. The explanation is very simple. The winter migrants retire to breed unmolested in the mountainous ranges of Burma or Thibet, or to solitudes where Santals and pot-hunters are unknown. The jungle fowl and the peacock remain to be knocked on the head, like the prowling fox, without any one to care about the how or the when.

Mr. Lockwood's pages contain other interesting particulars of the existence of iron ore in the hills, and of the manufacture of a cheap sort of guns to be purchased for a couple of pounds,

of the vast alluvial islands or peninsulas on the Ganges and their wanton changes, of the Government gardens at the station, and of the rivalry of certain native bankers who presented the Superintendent with splendid gates, on which the names of the donors were inscribed in letters of gold, and of the artifices necessary to prevent Hindus from pasturing their cattle and goats on trees planted, on account of Government, by the high roads. A most serious question is raised by his remarks on the vast increase in the population and the stationary character of the agriculture. There is some slight inconsistency at page 46, where the author declares that natives allow manure to be wasted and have no idea of high farming, and yet inclines to think that we are to be taught by instead of teaching them. The upshot, however, is that Monghyr and many other districts are already crammed like a common lodging-house in a suburb of London. The necessities of life, it is true, in ordinary seasons are cheap enough; fish are abundant; cucumbers, melons, and mangoes diversify the ordinary food of rice, pulses, millet, and Indian corn. If salt is taxed, tobacco pays nothing to the State, and the Excise duty on a coarse liquor made from the *mohwa*, or from the toddy palm, is trifling. But what is to be done when a famine sets in? Natives, as yet, will not emigrate to spare lands in Assam or Burma. Ignorance, caste, and apathy keep them to die at home, and landholders have an interest in maintaining a dense population, as it cheapens labour. The breed of cattle continues to degenerate. Formerly waste lands were available for pasture, as they are still in some districts of Western Bengal; but now every acre in the plains is cultivated, and cattle are tethered on the roadside, or are allowed to get their subsistence on the fields of a neighbour, a practice conducive only to violent language and broken heads. Many ryots, too, have adopted the ruinous habit of ploughing with their milch kine; and those pests, the sacred bulls, which some pious Hindus turn out in fulfilment of a vow and which served to improve the breed of kine, are now no longer suffered to live on the community, but are impressed into the service of the municipality. Add to this, that the clearance of forests, nearly all of which are included in some one estate or other and cannot be brought under the Forest Department, has decreased the rainfall. That of Monghyr is reckoned at forty or fifty inches. We hear of slate quarries in the Kharakpore hills, and of veins of iron; but at present there seems no prospect of relieving agriculture by turning commercial enterprise in either of these directions. Monghyr, however, is so situated that, between rail and river, there can be no very great difficulty in pouring grain into its villages. But there is no denying that we have entered on a cycle of Indian administration which is fertile in events more difficult to manage than Sikh invasions or Mahratta raids. And we welcome every contribution in which the experience of its author, not gained at second-hand but derived from healthy intercourse with the population, is set out without undue amplifications in a genial and light style.

#### THE ENGLISH COMEDY OF THE RESTORATION.\*

THE time seems to be passed when French writers were willing complacently to parade their ignorance of European literature on the very front of their pages, when even so learned a critic as Théophile Gautier was fain to turn aside to compliment Theodore Hook on the composition of the "Song of the Shirt." M. de Grisy, at all events, is not like an elder countryman of his who roughly described all the English dramatists of the Elizabethan era, Shakspeare included, as lengthy, obscure, and persistently tedious. He at least approaches his theme with modesty, and is at pains to master the main historical and biographical facts before he passes to the more entertaining task of criticism. M. de Grisy has already shown, in his acute and painstaking *Étude sur Otway*, that he possesses an insight into Restoration literature such as few students on this side of the Channel possess. The present volume, more ambitious in its aim, is no less thorough and minute. We may at once express our recognition of it as an accurate and sympathetic study of a very curious development of English thought and manners, while taking the liberty of indicating to the accomplished author a few points in which we think his sketch faulty or limited.

In the first place, it seems a little as though M. de Grisy had limited his actual study of Restoration comedy to the collection edited by Leigh Hunt of the works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar. As long as he discusses these dramatists, he stands upon firm ground, and is master of his subject; but he never quotes and seldom refers to any of the other comic writers of the time. To be sure, he expressly excuses himself, on reasonable grounds, from mentioning the comedies of Dryden and Otway, and it certainly is not necessary that a French critic should trouble himself to hunt out the fugitive and justly neglected plays of John Lacy and Aphra Behn, of Mr. Elkanah Settle and Mrs. Mary Pix. But Shadwell deserved more than a vague note at second-hand, while the omission of Etherege and Cibber is unfortunate indeed. It is only too certain that M. de Grisy has never read the three dramas of Sir George Etherege. A critic so alive to wit and whim would never have omitted to acknowledge the priority of this sprightly genius in point of time and his originality of invention. Wycherley, whom, following the usual

\* *Histoire de la Comédie Anglaise au dix-septième siècle (1672-1707)*. Par A. de Grisy. Paris: Didier & Co.



tradition, he credits with the introduction of comedy into England, made his debut in 1672 with *Love in a Wood*. But eight years earlier than this, in his *Comical Revenge*, and still more in his *She Would if She Could* in 1668, Etherege had prepared the way in which the comedies of Wycherley were to proceed; while in his consummate *Sir Fopling Flutter* he not only outshone the best work his successor would produce, but left himself without a rival till Congreve rose, after twenty years, to the conception of an equal, not a better, masterpiece. It is unfortunate indeed that the indolence and indifference of Etherege, his popularity as a fine gentleman, and his nervous fear of criticism prevented him from seriously employing those comical powers in which hardly any one has surpassed him in England. *Sir Fopling Flutter* has not the sustained and universal brilliance of *Love for Love*; it is manifestly the more careless product of an amateur; but its best scenes have a charm and distinction in their delicate sparkle which have never been surpassed in English comedy. To have omitted Etherege, then, from a history of the Comedy of the Restoration is the first fault we have to find with M. de Grisy, and we are hardly less surprised to miss, not the name indeed, but all appreciation of the work, of Cibber. One of the curious traditional errors which are repeated by one handbook of English literature after another is that Colley Cibber began to flourish after the Restoration, and that he introduced a new style. In point of fact, he belongs to the same group as all the rest except Etherege and Wycherley, and positively preceded most of them. Congreve indeed brought out the *Old Bachelor* in 1693; but in 1696 Colley Cibber produced two of his best comedies, *Love's Last Shift* and *Woman's Wit*; whereas it was not till 1697 that Vanbrugh produced his first work, and Farquhar did not appear till 1698. The only mention made by M. de Grisy of Cibber refers to Vanbrugh's imitation of that writer's first piece in the *Relapse*.

We wish that M. de Grisy had given completeness to his work by including the first and the last of the great comic writers of the Restoration. But, though his plan is in this respect conventional and traditional, he shows no lack of study in his analysis of the great types which Leigh Hunt's volume presented to him. He shows a strange partiality for Wycherley, and sets apart for the discussion of that dramatist a far larger space than for any other. Wycherley, whose brutality and cynicism have always made him unpopular in England, has from the first found admirers in France. Voltaire, writing at a period when Wycherley was no longer tolerated here except as the author of the *Plain Dealer*, positively preferred him for certain qualities to Molière, and considered the intrigue in his best play "infiniment plus compliquée, plus intéressante, plus chargée d'incidents," than that in the *Misanthrope*. In his own comedy of *La Prude*, performed seventy years after the production of its English prototype, he deprecated comparison with the still famous writer. Voltaire was probably unconscious of the desuetude into which the comedies of Wycherley had fallen in London. *Love in a Wood* and the *Gentleman Dancing Master* had not survived their author, while the *Country Wife* is believed never to have been played after the retirement of Quin, who delighted to act the part of Pinchwife. At the time of Voltaire's eulogy the popularity of the famous Mr. Wycherley had so far dwindled that, if the *Plain Dealer* was now and then played in a London theatre, it was barely tolerated. In fact, although Wycherley has wit and force, his hideous cynicism suffices to destroy the charm of both. There is nothing genial in his laughter; it reminds us too much of that deadly laugh that froze the heart's blood of Montresor in Poe's dreadful story, *The Cask of Amontillado*.

As was to be expected from a French critic, M. de Grisy points out, with much satisfaction, the instances in which our writers of comedy borrowed from the French theatre. They had at least the good taste to see at once that Molière contained a horde of treasure, and they invaded Paris like so many hungry Goths or Huns. The more respectable playwrights probably acknowledged in silence the immense superiority of their Parisian master and prototype, and it was left to pert little Johnny Crowne and to Mrs. Aphra Behn to scorn the playwrights whom they could not rival. The latter, in acknowledging help from France, tosses her head, and, with an inaccuracy worthy of the most flourishing lady-novelists of our day, calls her model "a French play, the *Malad Imaginere*." We can add a few instances of material borrowed from the French which seem to have escaped M. de Grisy. Two of Vanbrugh's plays, neither of which seems to be known to our critic, were adapted freely from Molière. The *Cuckold in Conceit*, of 1706, is manifestly a paraphrase of the *Cocu Imaginaire*, while in *Squire Trelooby*, of the same year, we see M. Pourceaugnac transferred to the realms and manners of Cockaigne. In a criticism of Vanbrugh's *Esop* we are told that this curious lyrical comedy, closely approaching the modern operetta, was freely translated from the *Ésop à la Cour* of Boursault, first acted in 1701. But here there must be some mistake, for *Esop* was produced at Drury Lane in 1697, and printed in 1698. A comparison of the English with the French text would probably show which of these pieces deserves the preference, and it would really be curious if it could be proved that, amid so much borrowing from France, an English dramatist actually did lend a Frenchman his plot. There was a second part of Sir John Vanbrugh's *Esop* printed in 1720, and it may be that the obligation to Boursault is confined to these additional scenes. To conclude these strictures, M. de Grisy should have remarked that the character of Mockmode in Farquhar's *Love and a Bottle* is borrowed from the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. His criticism of Farquhar, it may be said in passing, is particularly happy and discriminating,

the jovial *verve* of the brilliant and unfortunate soldier-poet being especially adapted to attract a foreigner, and to dispel the traditional idea of English heaviness and phlegmatic sobriety.

The most valuable page in the French critic's memoir seems to us to be that in which he sums up the salient characteristics of the four poets whose works and careers he has been reviewing in detail. We quote the passage which he dedicates to eulogy as being to us the most original and most interesting; the obvious points of blame having already been fully dwelt upon by Macaulay, Thackeray, and a host of moralists:—

Des ouvrages de Wycherley, on voudrait voir survivre le séminant Monsieur de Paris (in the *Country Wife*), qui est une caricature, mais une caricature de prix. Elle se soutiendrait encore au théâtre. Mme. Margery Pinchwife, cette campagnarde trop peu niaise, fait trouver Mme. Bovary moins bien imaginée, sinon moins odieuse. La soi-disant ingénue anglaise serait une découverte, si la véritable ingénue, Agnès, n'eût existé avant Mme. Pinchwife. Les dames Fidget, les Squeamish, sont parfois d'un beau ridicule. Horner est l'ébauche de Manly, ce type du marin, et Manly tient encore, que l'on y songe, devant le caractère du Misanthrope. Le vieux Lord Plausible, homme de cour, souple et cérémonieux, n'est certes pas méprisable. Le fait que Fidelia a pu inspirer Voltaire et devenir une imitation spirituelle du comique anglais, la rend presque supportable. Nous avons soumis à l'épreuve d'une traduction les passages de Congreve qui sont encore admirés. *Love for Love* sera toujours représenté tant qu'il se trouvera de bons acteurs pour lui rendre toute sa vivacité. Elle a beaucoup de valeur, la miniature qui a nom Millamant: elle vaut le meilleur des portraits. Si on pouvait la recomposer avec ses "airs mouvants," on aurait la plus expressive empreinte d'une singulière façon de sentir et de parler en Angleterre à la fin du XVII<sup>e</sup> siècle.

Pour Vanbrugh et Farquhar, l'un vivra par la vigueur et la solidité de quelques actes où il exprime avec un relief puissant des contrastes qui le sauvent de l'oubli. L'autre, le gai Farquhar, eût fait un vaudevilliste accompli. Que de ressources! Quelle facilité! Quel entrain charmant! Quelle clarté toute française dans son style et dans la conception de ses intrigues toujours divertissantes, mais trop rarement supérieures à des bouffonneries étincelantes!

This volume contains but very few of those blunders in English spelling which are too often allowed to mar the best productions of Parisian typography. Shadwell, to be sure, wrote the *Sullen*, and not the *Sudden*, *Lovers*, and it is unusual to call the author of the *Deserted Village* "Godsmith." But these are minute blemishes in a work which has evidently been executed with much care, and which should certainly be consulted by all students of our Restoration literature.

#### THE CORPORATION OF BIRMINGHAM.\*

A POLITICAL history of Birmingham could scarcely have been written without a strong party bias. If an absolutely unbiased historian could have been found to execute the work, the Town Council might possibly have altogether declined to avail themselves of his services; and if the Town Council had been able to rise into serene heights of judicial impartiality, the work would certainly have been very dull. Mr. Bunce's history, however, is not at all dull. On the contrary, his first volume, which is published by itself, without the delay necessary for the completion of the second, is more vigorous and lively in its style than we should have supposed possible in a book bearing so unpromising a title. The second volume, which "will contain a more detailed account of the work of the Corporation in its several departments from 1852 to 1878," we will not promise to read, although the proposal of the municipal authorities to issue annually a well-edited chronicle, instead of merely adding a manuscript volume of dry "minutes" to their shelves, deserves honourable mention in the interests of future history. Mr. Bunce believes in Birmingham and its Radicals as devoutly as ever did Athenian orator or soldier believe in Athens and its democracy, and his literary style is of a distinctly fighting type. He has a short and easy method of dealing with a "Tory," which consists simply in knocking him down. The Tory is an obstruction; given a crowbar, a sledgehammer, and a wheelbarrow, the rest is only a matter of time. It is, however, only fair to Mr. Bunce to admit that this is the Birmingham *modus* irrespectively of political opinion. The local Conservative is just as uncompromising in his way, and if he manages to get the sledgehammer into his hands, will wield it just as vigorously. On one point both parties are cordially united; the spirit of local patriotism is intense and absolute in every Birmingham breast. The Pallas Athene of their worship may be a dingy goddess enough to a cynical outside observer; but to her votaries she is the embodiment of wisdom and power, with one peculiar glory which her classical prototype could not boast; she traces her origin to no brain of Jupiter; she sprang directly from her own. It is in the exhibition of this rather paradoxical genesis that much of the interest of Mr. Bunce's volume consists; and, as a political history in the strictest sense of the term, his narrative is worth a careful study. He has traced the growth of the *politeia*, or the order and organization of the separate *polis* of Birmingham, through stages which in English life have been exceptional, if not unique. In our own day an important borough may come almost suddenly into existence and obtain its charter of incorporation as a municipality without any previous history at all. A stranger crossing from Liverpool by the Woodside Ferry may wander about what appears to him an aggregate of

\* *History of the Corporation of Birmingham; with a Sketch of the Earlier Government of the Town.* By John Thackray Bunce, F.S.S., Author of "A History of the Birmingham General Hospital and the Musical Festivals." Vol. I. Birmingham: published for the Corporation by Cornish Brothers. 1878.

suburbs in fruitless search for Birkenhead, which has not even an old village-centre to show for itself, and is not so much as named in the "Road-Book" or prehistoric Bradshaw of the posting days. Such suddenness of growth was impossible in the age when the midland manufacturing capital was developing at once its energy and its population upon the ordinary rural bases of civil and ecclesiastical organization, the manor and the parish. It is not so much matter of wonder that this primitive machinery of local government broke down at last, as that it continued to work as successfully as on the whole it did till the beginning of the present reign, in the midst of the immense population which had accumulated to tax its powers; and, while Mr. Bunce with pardonable zeal gives all the credit of this success to one political party, a less partial judgment will be disposed to distribute the merit over the entire community. The maxim of "exceptio probat regulam" may not unreasonably be applied to the calamities of 1791 and 1839.

There is no trace of the town during the Roman period, and the converging lines of road from Wroxeter and Worcester would seem to have avoided the high land on which it stands, as they intersect at some distance to the north-east of Birmingham; but there is some evidence of a market which paid tolls to the lord of the manor before the Norman Conquest, and the manor itself is described in the Domesday Survey as having four hides of land besides woods. The manorial Courts, the Court Baron and the Court Leet, are said to be still in existence, and the Leet has been held as recently as 1854; but the Corporation seem to regard with some jealousy even the shadow of the ghost of a feudal lord, and Mr. Bunce hints at some possible scheme for the purchase by the town of such rights as may still be left to him. The Court Baron had long ago been practically superseded by the jurisdiction of the county magistrates; but the Court Leet occupies an important place in the local history. The Steward of the Manor, as usual, was the visible representative of the lord; and no one seems to have questioned his sovereignty as long as it was merely ornamental, or as long as he confined his personal exercise of prerogative to burning his old books and papers—a mischievous practice, which was continued till 1779—"all the previous records of the Manor having been destroyed or lost by the neglect of previous Stewards." But when the Steward, as proved to be the case in 1722, thought proper to enter into speculative questions as to the origin of local authority, and to act upon conclusions evidently despotic in their tendency, the political ancestors of the modern Corporation at once showed active fight. They agreed, it may be presumed, with Mr. Bunce, who says that the Court Leet was "originally the common assembly and court of justice of the township; itself exercising authority by the jury at its annual meeting, and continuing to exercise it by the Steward, Bailiffs, and Constables throughout the year." This is very neatly put; and, if the "common assembly" had happened to elect "the jury," to say nothing of "the Steward," the arrangement would be an admirable instance of the working of the feudal system on democratic principles. Practically, however, the jury was annually summoned by the Low Bailiff at his own discretion; electing, when so summoned, the High and Low Bailiffs, the Constable, and the inferior officers for the ensuing year. How the primeval Low Bailiff had come into official existence Mr. Bunce does not inform his readers, and we must not dare to hint that the original source of authority may have been the Steward or the lord himself. That would not be sound doctrine at all; whatever "the Steward, an attorney named Hare," may have thought about it in 1722. The story of the struggle for party supremacy which took place in that year is told by Mr. Bunce with perfect candour, and if his treatment of the subject postulates the doctrine of the divine right of the advanced Liberal party to govern Birmingham, and involves a somewhat startling definition of "freedom of election," he will at least carry with him the sympathy of readers of all parties on the immediate issue.

The old eponymous lords of Birmingham had fallen by attainder in 1553; the new lord was non-resident, and when a glimpse of him is by chance obtained, proves to be a lady; "the officers became practically irresponsible," and "the Bailiffs' feasts," an institution ever "growing in magnitude and cost," indicate that a Birmingham Puritan of the seventeenth century must have been a very jolly fellow in his way. "The Presbyterians," whose supremacy in the town had been established during the Civil Wars, "held possession of the office of Low Bailiff by the successive nomination of one of their number." "As the Low Bailiff summoned and selected the jury of the Court Leet, and as the jury elected the officers of the Manor, and thus practically of the town, the Presbyterians were Masters of the Leet"—and of the situation generally. "They allowed the Churchmen to keep the High Bailiffship," which is euphemistically described as "the more dignified but less powerful appointment." "By an unwritten but unbroken rule, the High Bailiff was a Churchman, and the Low Bailiff a Nonconformist"—a touching example of toleration which the "Churchmen," or Tories when they became such, do not appear to have properly appreciated. Accordingly, in October 1772, the Steward, having delivered to the Low Bailiff the lord's precept to summon the Leet jury of twenty-four inhabitants, mentioned incidentally that he might save himself trouble by only summoning "thirteen, the customary number." The Steward was then conveniently taken ill, and when the Court day arrived his clerk, one Perks, appeared punctually in his place "at nine o'clock in the morning." Only six Presbyterians had finished breakfast in time to "answer to their names," and Perks at once "demanded a full pannel of 24 to be made up of the persons

present in Court, who," as Mr. Bunce politely puts it, "seem to have been there by arrangement." "The Low Bailiff protested, and went away to get together the remainder of his jury"; "but meanwhile Perks, acting on behalf of the Steward, had impanelled his jury and had elected the officers; the Nonconformists present having refused to serve 'with such a pack of rascalls,' and thereupon they went away." The elections secured by this piece of sharp practice were very properly cancelled by the Law Courts, on the ground that the custom of the Manor had been violated by the Steward in his usurpation of the right of the Low Bailiff; but Mr. Bunce will scarcely ask his readers to accept with grave faces his assurance that the customary proceedings of the Low Bailiff and his baker's dozen of nominees represent the principle of "free and popular election" as currently understood at Birmingham and elsewhere. Indeed he denounces the whole system of these little oligarchical cliques with sufficient energy at a later period of the history; but perhaps the end may have justified the means in 1722, when the alternative is shown to have been considerably worse. A similar attempt, but in an honest and open manner, was made in 1792 by the Steward to supersede the Low Bailiff's right by direct instructions from the lords of the manor. Again, however, the elections so obtained were annulled by the Law Courts.

An effort had been made in 1716 to procure a Royal Charter of Incorporation for the town. The petition, which was signed by eighty-four of the inhabitants, alleges that Birmingham, "from its great increase of trade, had become very populous, and was superior to any town in the county, and but little inferior to any inland town in the kingdom," while it "enjoyed no more privileges than a village," and through want of efficient government afforded no security either to the persons or property of the inhabitants. This movement seems to have been only partial, and was unsuccessful. Its failure occasioned no regret, either at the time or afterwards; and Mr. Bunce quotes from Hutton in 1791 an opinion in accordance with his own, that any municipal charter such as would then have been granted would have hindered instead of advancing the prosperity and growth of the town. But a population which by the middle of the eighteenth century approached two and a half thousand, and was more than doubled a generation later, could not be left under a mere "village" government, and an Act establishing Street Commissioners was passed by Parliament in 1769. Its progress was opposed as a matter of course, and a curious illustration of the motives which often influence legislation on such questions is quoted from Hutton's Autobiography. Hutton, who had come to Birmingham poor and friendless, and had made his fortune there, opposed the Street Act in 1768 because "two houses, which suited me," and which blocked the entrance to New Street, now the main artery of the town, "must come down if the Act passed." He managed to save them. In 1772 he had extended his business; and he supported an amendment of the Act because, "as my premises would open to New Street were my two houses removed, I now wished them down." In process of time the Street Commissioners, as a body, became as obnoxious to the local reformers of Birmingham as the Low Bailiff and his jury ought to have been, and as the Steward, with his usurping nominees, actually had been. They were an independent body, not elected by the ratepayers, and not responsible to them; but, after all, they were Birmingham men, and their jurisdiction was no such intolerable affront to the town as was the jurisdiction of a body of aristocrats and outsiders, the county magistrates of Warwickshire. We have not space to tell how, in the finally successful struggle to secure in 1838, and to maintain and strengthen against all comers in later years, the Charter of Incorporation under which the Town Council of Birmingham now exercises municipal government, the fortunes of the fight wavered with the advance or retreat of this terrible foe. How the town gained its own magistrates and its own Sessions; how the county would have none of them, and how convictions were quashed and rogues set free from prison-doors; how the Earl of Warwick, envious of the deeds of his great predecessor, led the Conservative hosts in Parliament and out of it to the attack on the grimy powers of the hardware metropolis; all this, and much more, is written in Mr. Bunce's pages with almost the spirit of an epic poem, and would satisfy the conditions of an epic, if it had never pleased an Irish bishop to edit the not-heroic verse which recounts how

Brave Warwick Guy, at dinner-time,  
Challeng'd a giant savage;  
And straight came out th' unwieldy loot,  
Brimfull of wrath and cabbage;  
But the knight fell'd him like an oak—

or, at any rate, thought he had done so, till the result showed that the modern giant was not quite as "unwieldy" as he seemed, but was as formidable for his science as for his weight. Just a little tinge, when the giant happens to be out of sorts, is all that lingers to remind him of one shrewd blow dealt him in the fight—a certain Police Act, "which, even after the lapse of nearly forty years, no Birmingham man can look back upon without a feeling of shame and indignation, and an ineradicable sense of wrong." The reader will naturally conclude that this dreadful Police Act still remains in force; whereas it has vanished as completely as the Street Commissioners, who, with their "expiring" breath, assured the Town Council of their "cordial good wishes." The Council is victorious along the whole line, and the splendid public buildings now rising in Birmingham will remain as the memorial of a struggle for local independence as fairly won as it has been gallantly fought.

In a short chapter of much archæological interest Mr. Bunce



has given an account of the "Gild (so spelt) of the Holy Cross," dissolved under the Act of 37 Henry VIII. for "the Dissolution of Colleges," and refounded under Edward VI., with its whole endowments, as the now well-known and wealthy Grammar School of Birmingham. With great ingenuity he argues that this "Gild" was "communal," and not merely ecclesiastical, in its character, and that "it constituted a real and important part of the Government of the town." Against this view the fact of its dissolution under the Act of Henry VIII. may be alleged, while Mr. Bunce supplies an additional detail which shows that the Dissolution Act itself was applied with strict regard to non-ecclesiastical vested interests. "Lench's Trust," still existing in Birmingham, was founded in 1525 for the same purposes as the Gild of the Holy Cross; but the property was saved from seizure because the founder had "given to his wife a life interest in the trust," which thus had not come into operation. Mr. Bunce relies also on the fact that the founder had "made it a separate trust instead of merging it in the Gild"; but we think that on examination of the provisions of the Act he would allow that contrivances of this kind had been very carefully anticipated. It was the closing Act of Henry's series; and it was drawn with a very small mesh in its network.

Much information upon the social and domestic life of Birmingham during the eighteenth century is contained in this interesting volume; and we are fortunately enabled to test and to confirm its general accuracy and truthfulness by an independent comparison with a series of the private diaries and other memoranda of a manufacturer of the time, whose relations with his workmen appear in striking contrast to the modern factory system. The changes which a hundred years have brought about in the life of large populations are perhaps exhibited in Birmingham as clearly as it is possible that they should be, the area being well defined and within moderate limits, and radiating from a single centre. The difficulties of dealing with the various problems involved in a growth so extensive and so rapid are vividly sketched in this history of the Corporation; and we close Mr. Bunce's work with a sense of considerably increased respect for a community which, if it exaggerates in its public life some of the harder and more violently self-asserting characteristics of Englishmen, yet exhibits a far-sighted perception of the obstacles which stand in the way of its material and social progress, and a firm reliance on its own energies and determination to overcome them.

#### OUR LADY OF TEARS.\*

IF we should try to describe the incidents of Mr. Leith Derwent's novel, we could only say that they are as big as the language in which they are narrated. If we should try to describe the language in which he writes, we could only say that it is as big as the incidents which it is employed to narrate. There is certainly a complete harmony between the style and the story. In extravagance and in folly neither has any advantage over the other. The style gets, as it were, a kind of unfair start in the preface, where incidents of course are not admitted; but the story, when its turn comes, soon makes up for lost distance. The author, who is the hero of his own tale, introduces himself to his readers as a battered football, and as a battered football returned to moulder on the soil from which it started. So far, though the metaphor seems to be somewhat a mixed one, we cannot complain of its extravagance. But we are only on the first page of the preface. As we turn over the leaf, we leave the football far behind, and are borne off on a flood of big words, which does not cease to swell till the very end of the book. "Passion," he writes, "has surged fiercely through my veins; the white and black geni— the children of Ormuzd and Ahri-man—have fought for the mastership of my mind, and have conquered by turns." We must hurry past the next passage, where "earth clashes with eternity," though it sounds very big, and come at once to the portrait of his love, "as it hangs in the adytum of memory." For a football, whether battered or not, he certainly was very fortunate, at least for two whole volumes. "Once," he says, "in every century an aloe-flower of womanhood blooms. A hundred years and many millions of lives may have been barren, but the time came, and the perfume of the appointed blossom was bestowed on me." Our readers may be curious to know, seeing that this aloe-flower of womanhood is so rarely to be seen, what are the peculiarities by which it may be recognized. They would seem, then, to be a swimming gait, a carriage which it is impossible to describe—and no wonder, seeing that it is airy and willowy—the agile sway of the panther, the flush of the evening sun on some glacier, the droop of the lily, and so on. Even the author finds himself at a loss to find big enough words to tell of her perfections. "Metaphors," he says, "more lava-steeped than the verse of Sappho surge in my mind; I cast nine hundred and ninety-nine from me with contempt, and still the thousandth seems weak." It is awful, by the way, to think of a mind through which has surged nine hundred and ninety-nine times as much nonsense as we find printed in these few pages of the preface. Throwing metaphors aside, he boldly rushes to history to find a suitable comparison; but here he confounds us more than ever. "Twas a breast like hers," he says, "that Prynne unveiled before her judges." The only Prynne of whom we happen to have read was the author

of the *Scourge for Stage-Players*. He was certainly brought before judges, and he as certainly lost his ears, but we do not remember any mention of his breast. Besides, Mr. Derwent writes "her breast." Is it possible that Mrs. Prynne—if, that is to say, the unfortunate man had a wife—also appeared in court? Mr. Derwent may perhaps say that it is his printer who is in fault. But our novelists must not be unreasonable. It is not easy to print lava-steeped metaphors and all other kinds of nonsense correctly, for common sense here is of no use. But to pass from the author and to come back to the lady who was like Prynne and the aloe-flower. Even before we begin her history we are told that an early death carried her off. "My cobwebs are gone," says the hero in the last lines of the preface. "The besom of Fate has long since brushed them away." Now here we are quite ready to admit that the printer is greatly to blame. There is no doubt that besom should have been printed with a capital letter. To Fate indeed he has done justice. But, owing to his neglect with the besom, the reader is not properly affected. We are not sure whether cobwebs should not have begun with a big letter, but about besom there can be no question. Let our readers for just one moment compare the besom of Fate with the Besom of Fate. They will at once not only see, but feel, the difference.

But we are lingering too long over the preface, and must introduce our readers to the story. It opens with two Preludes. In the first of these the hero's mother is killed off, in the second his father. The mother's death is pious and commonplace. She dies in her bed. But the dulness of the first Prelude is more than made up by the exciting incidents of the second. The father, together with a large party of emigrants, is massacred by the Indians through the treachery of a Spanish guide. They were on their way through one of the Western States, and had most foolishly forgotten to study the signs of the weather. "The breeze whispered mournfully in their ears. They knew not that it sought to warn them of tigers thirsting for their blood." The guide does not in the end escape. "O Judas of white skin," exclaims the hero, "but soul reddened with blood, how terribly I rewarded thy treachery in after years!" He did indeed, by shooting him on the side of a precipice in Switzerland with a revolver that he fired without even taking it out of his pocket, to the no small damage, of course, of his own garments. What adds greatly to the interest of the incident is the fact that the reader has discovered, though it is still unknown to the hero, that he is shooting his own father-in-law. For, by a wonderful series of coincidences, he had married the only daughter of his father's murderer, and had shot him before he found out the relationship. But we are anticipating matters. He had first to go through a vast range of adventures. He becomes acquainted with London sharpers, he enlists in the army, he is present at Inkermann, he is taken prisoner, he lives in Moscow as secretary to an eccentric old gentleman, he is taken by him to Paris, he becomes the friend of "the most extraordinary man of this or any other century," who was the finest reader and one of the finest whist-players in Europe, he is sent through his recommendation to America as a quasi-political agent by the Imperial Court of France, he clears in eight months three or four thousand pounds, and comes home to attend classes in the Birkbeck Institution in Chancery Lane. His early education had been sadly neglected, but here he shall speak for himself, for we despair of doing justice to the motives which led him to attend this highly respectable and useful institution:—

"I reject the station into whose misery my boyhood was thrust; I deny that it was appointed me to let my brain lie idle, and my body and soul be eaten away by cankering, monotonous toil; I have wrenched from Fate another destiny than that. And I will keep the vantage I have won, and the power of satisfying my intellectual cravings, or I will yield up these treasures only with my life. The worn old motto, 'Nil desperandum,' shall be mine, and I will construe it, 'Fight to the end.' I have climbed a few steps up the ladder of life; let me see whether society will have power to thrust me down." And I laughed and defied human strength to do so.

In the midst of his studies he makes the acquaintance of the heroine on Waterloo Bridge. Indeed he is just in time to save her from being brushed by the Besom of Fate into the Thames. He woos her, and in his wooing does nothing more remarkable than knocking down a man who has insulted her, and saving a child from the wheels of a railway engine. He wins her of course, though how he persuaded her to say Yes we do not know, for she was a young lady who had "a certain reticence of ideality about her." He published a novel which was reviewed, we learn, in our columns. "I metaphorically shook hands," he says, "with the reviewer. Evidently the 'Saturday' had found me readable." He became acquainted with Spiritualists, most of whom were quacks; but one of them, who was, by the way, the most extraordinary man of this or any century, had presentiments and premonitions and impressions of a most trustworthy kind. He travels in Switzerland. He meets his murderous father-in-law; but, as we have said, neither he nor his wife know him. They merely shuddered when they first saw him. They are saved by him from drowning, and then by a scar on his hand the hero discovers in him his father's murderer. He goes out with him on a mountain excursion on a profoundly dark night, but manoeuvres so as never to lose sight of him, and always has his eye bent on him. He challenges him to a duel, and, as we have said, shoots him dead. He returns to his wife. When he reached her room he hesitated a moment with the door-handle in his grasp. "There is, I think, in my mind," he says, "as in some others, a capacity for receiving the shadows of coming events; in that moment the gorgon outline of Nemesis had probably fallen athwart me." He

\* *Our Lady of Tears*. A Novel. By Leith Derwent. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1878.

informs his wife of what he has done, and learns from her, for she had discovered the secret, that he has killed her father. She runs away from him. He pursues her. He meets a railway official. "I was unsociable enough, Nemesis knows." But, nevertheless, he learns from the man that she has taken the train for Paris. He tracks her to London, where for a long time he loses the clue. He seemed to himself a fossil. He differed from it only in having a heart at which pain gnawed unceasingly. He brought out another novel, but it did not succeed. Finding that fate forbade him to crop the laurels of literature with their accompanying pecuniary reward, he matriculated with credit at the London University. He next found himself a Manichean—a Manichean of the nineteenth century—that is, something in the style of Shelley, but dashed with a touch of Byron's practical nature. He got a mastership in a school, which he describes as being "tolerably well-reputed." His wonderful friend finds him out by means of one of his impressions. By his help he tracks out the heroine. At the risk of his neck he bursts into her attic through the glass of the closed window just in time to save her from a dreadful villain. While he is in the midst of a deadly struggle with him on the floor, the door is thrown open and four detectives rush in and arrest and handcuff the villain. The hero, however, is so far forgetting that he shakes hands with him, as well as the handcuffs allow. The heroine is found to be in a consumption, though scarcely a galloping one, for we are still seventy pages off the end of the book, and these she has all to herself. Finally, however, we are allowed to see the last of her, and we leave her in the cemetery at Edinburgh "with a constant glory of flowers over her grave."

#### HAMMOND'S ANCIENT LITURGIES.\*

MR. HAMMOND may be congratulated on having now found a theme worthy of his diligent and able scholarship. His former work, in which he seems to take some pride, inasmuch as he sets its name on his present title-page, although of some independent value, is too much like a lecture-room syllabus, and borrows too freely and avowedly from the labours of others to be quite equal to the expectations of his colleagues or his pupils. He has now chosen a subject of the highest interest, in which, since Dr. Neale has been lost to us, he has the field almost to himself. It is hard to conceive in these days the dense ignorance prevailing among the English clergy fifty years ago respecting the primitive Liturgies of the Christian Church. There existed, indeed, a deep and intelligent admiration of our English Book of Common Prayer; but Archbishop Cranmer and his contemporaries were popularly regarded as the actual authors of what all living men know to be nothing but a vigorous and spirited reproduction of services which in substance have been employed in public worship for at least fifteen hundred years. William Palmer's *Origines Liturgicæ*, written at an early period in the great Oxford revival, was a kind of revelation to those who had well mastered their Wheatly and his imitators; and it is not a little to the honour of the delegates of the University Press that Palmer's, the earliest, as well as Mr. Hammond's, the latest, English treatise on a subject so important, yet so little inviting to superficial readers, should have appeared under their auspices, and by the aid of their discriminating liberality. After all, it is but by slow degrees that we have come to realize what might seem a self-evident fact, that "the English Prayer-Book was not composed in a few years, nor by a few men; it has descended to us with the improvements and the approbation of many centuries, and they who truly feel the calm and sublime elevation of our hymns and prayers participate in the spirit of primitive devotion" (Palmer, Preface). But this branch of inquiry, the relation of our vernacular service-book to those of other countries and remote generations, was almost exhausted in the *Origines*. Mr. Hammond's investigations relate mainly to the history, character, prevailing spirit, mutual resemblances, and variations of the ancient Liturgies themselves. Nowhere shall we find so many of the old Liturgies (the Greek and Latin in their originals, the Oriental in a Latin version), brought together and arranged for easy comparison or contrast, as in this beautifully printed and fascinating volume.

Besides the indulgence of a generous curiosity respecting those who have adorned the Christian faith in ages long past, the modern student may learn one most fruitful lesson from the critical examination of these primitive Liturgies—namely, the almost perfect identity of belief on the doctrine of the Eucharist which has subsisted in every portion of the Church until the West of Europe was distracted by the cold rationalism of the Zwinglian heresy. Men might and did differ then, as now, regarding the mode of Christ's presence in the Holy Sacrament; the fact was never doubted up to the sixteenth century of our era. This identity of Catholic sentiment is forcibly expressed by a pregnant sentence set by Mr. Hammond at the back of his title-page:—"Inde elucet magnopere ea, quæ antiquum de Eucharistiâ totius Ecclesiæ doctrinam confirmat, orationum rituumque similitudo inter Græcæ Orientales Occidentalesque Liturgias, quæ ex linguarum diversitate regionumque longinquitate, immo ab ipsis hæresibus, detrimentum nullum accepit" (Renaudot, *Liturgiarum Orient-*

*talium Collectio*, Tom. II. p. xviii. Paris, 1716. Why will not our author tell us the dates of the works he uses in pp. lxvii.-lxxx. ? It may be little to the modern snatterer in theology that the Churches of Christendom, miserably divided on certain points confessedly of great moment, were at one in the matter of the Sacraments; to us this accordance of all nations and languages in what is virtually a common ritual cannot fail to persuade, if it may not logically command, our assent.

Those who are acquainted with our author's previous labours will be aware that a love of orderly analysis is one of the leading characteristics of his mind; indeed he sometimes (as in his valuable chapter on the internal structure of the Liturgies) carries his habit of systematic arrangement a little further than the nature of the subject legitimately admits. The whole Communion Service he rightly divides into two great portions, the first preceding, the second comprising, the Great Oblation. In all the Liturgies, whether of the Eastern or Western Churches, the latter and more solemn division begins with the *Sursum corda*. His subdivisions are far more minute, and modelled on the fashion of the so-called Liturgy of St. Chrysostom, which, though itself but composite and revised from early services, may be regarded as the standard adopted in the Greek Church up to the present hour. The *Pro-Anaphora* he separates into (1) The approach to the Altar, in the Roman service consisting of special Introits, the "Gloria in Excelsis" and Collect for the day, to which the Lord's Prayer and that immediately after it must be held to correspond in our English book, whose insertion of the Ten Commandments in this place seems absolutely unique. This is followed by (2) Instruction, including the Epistle and Gospel for the day; (3) Prayers for, and dismissal of, the Catechumens; after which the proper Service of the baptized commences by (4) Prayers of the Faithful, whether public or secret; (5) The Offertory, or (second) Oblation of the prepared Elements; (6) The Sign of Unity (being the Pax or Kiss of Peace, which in the Roman mass is set much later); founded on (7) One Faith, as embodied in the Nicene Creed. The second great division, the *Anaphora*, he arranges under no less than eleven heads, and by means of an alphabetical notation is able to indicate the precise place occupied by each in the Greek Liturgy, in the Coptic of St. Cyril, in the Syriac used by the Nestorians of Chaldaea, and in that of the Western Church. Strangely enough, Mr. Hammond is able to claim the credit of representing for the first time in parallel columns, for the purpose of mutual comparison, the four chief forms under which the Latin Liturgy is extant (pp. 284-373), and this to many readers may prove not the least interesting part of his work. The place of honour in the first column is naturally held by the Roman Mass-book, portions of which must surely be as old as the second century; for, although the Greek language was more or less intelligible to a large number of the early converts to Christianity at Rome in primitive times, we are persuaded that the almost exclusively Greek character of the early Church there has been a little exaggerated, not only by Dean Milman, whose sweeping expressions Mr. Hammond cites with approval, but by safer and sounder scholars than the Dean. Be this as it may, the Sacramentaries ascribed to Popes Leo and Gelasius, dating from the latter half of the fifth century, were moulded almost into their present shape by Gregory the Great (A.D. 590-604), who "revised, condensed, and reorganized the Gelasian Sacramentary." Our author's second column is devoted to the Ambrosian Liturgy, the reputed work of the great Archbishop of Milan, which, together with the Latin Psalter, as unrevised by Jerome, is still retained in use, by Papal grace, in the Cathedral church and city of Milan, in spite of the struggle it has had to maintain against the dominant pretensions of the Roman Office, to which, however, it has become gradually assimilated as the strife went on. The history of the Mozarabic or Spanish Liturgy, which fills Mr. Hammond's fourth column, is curious enough. From the Arabic participle *mostarab*, "one who has adopted the Arab mode of life," is formed "by an easy transposition of letters" the word *Mozarab*, doubtless used to indicate those who, although they had come to adopt the Moorish language and manners, still clung so nobly to the Christian faith. It is, in fact, the primitive Liturgy of the Peninsula, whose vernacular language was Latin; and though the Roman book was forced upon the militant Church of Spain in the eleventh century, yet that great clerk and statesman Cardinal Ximenes did his utmost to keep in memory the older service, as well by superintending a printed edition of the office, as by founding a college of priests at Toledo in whose chapel (and, according to Dr. Neale, in three parish churches also) it is kept up even now. The Gallican, which stands in the third column, is no longer a living rite, having been suppressed as far back as the ninth century. Mr. Hammond carefully enumerates the best manuscripts of all these services, and the printed books that contain them, as well as their characteristic divergencies. Comparatively small as the variations may appear (they chiefly relate to matters of arrangement), they are more considerable than those subsisting between the different "uses" once known in England, and incidentally referred to in the more ancient of the two prefaces to our book of Common Prayer—those of Salisbury, Hereford, Bangor, York, and Lincoln, which were, in fact, nothing more than slight modifications of the Roman Liturgy.

After all, his treatment of the Greek offices is the principal merit of Mr. Hammond's book, and within the limits he has imposed on himself it is very exact and thorough. He regards what is not very happily called the Clementine "as by far the most interesting document that we possess, for the light it throws upon the history and growth of Liturgical development, and [it] well

\* *Ancient Liturgies; being a Reprint of the Texts, either Original or Translated, of the most representative Liturgies of the Church, from Various Sources.* Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and a Liturgical Glossary, by C. E. Hammond, M.A., Lecturer (late Fellow and Tutor) of Exeter College, Oxford; Author of "Textual Criticism applied to the New Testament." Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1878.



repays any amount of study bestowed upon it." "Its agreement with the Liturgy described by Justin Martyr," he adds, "is very remarkable. This description is so valuable in itself, as the earliest detailed account of the Eucharistic service, of the date of which we are certain, that we give it in full. It is to be found in his first Apology, which was written most probably at the end of A.D. 138 or beginning of 139." Then, after citing in the original Greek Justin's elaborate description of the service, which is in truth the classical passage on the subject of primitive united worship, being at once more full and accurate than that contained in Pliny's earlier letter to Trajan, Mr. Hammond, in his logical method, proceeds to draw his conclusion:—

It must be remembered that Justin Martyr was at this time apparently living at Rome, and that he was writing a defence of his fellow-Christians to the Roman people, addressed to the Emperor Antoninus Pius. It is at least, then, more probable that he should describe the service used by the Christians at Rome, than that used in a distant province; unless, of course, the two were identical, or nearly so. Now, in his account there are nine distinct points mentioned, with all of which, in their order, the Clementine Liturgy exactly corresponds. These are:—1. Lectures, from the Old and New Testaments. 2. Sermon. 3. Prayers for all estates of men (said by all). 4. The Kiss of Peace. 5. Oblation of the Elements. 6. Very long (*ἐνὶ πολὺ*) Thanksgiving. 7. Consecration, with the words of Institution. 8. Intercession said by the Celebrant, all the people responding "Amen." 9. Communion.

This Clementine Liturgy, it will be remembered, received its name from being found incorporated in the Apostolic Constitutions, a work of uncertain date, in its present shape not earlier than the fourth century, but attributed to St. Clement of Rome in its Greek title. It is full of precious materials far older than itself. One advantage (*valent quantum*) Mr. Hammond notes as accruing from this mode of transmission of the Clementine Liturgy—namely, that, being thus embodied in a literary document it is free from any suspicion of having undergone (more recent) interpolation, either in doctrine or ritual.

For the purpose of his analysis of the points of resemblance and difference between the Liturgies of the several regions of ancient Christendom, our author divides them into five separate Groups; (1) that of Palestine, of Syria, and their derivatives, which comprises the Clementine and those which manifestly spring from it, as the Greek and Syriac offices attributed to St. James the Just, Bishop of Jerusalem, and once current throughout the Patriarchate of Antioch, of which the present Liturgies of Constantinople and Armenia are manifest offshoots; (2) that of Alexandria, whose standard is the Greek office ascribed to St. Mark, which closely resembles the three Coptic Liturgies respectively ascribed to St. Cyril, St. Basil, and his imitator, St. Gregory: a derivative from these is the Ethiopic, written in the old language of Abyssinia, which country received the faith from Egypt in the fourth century; (3) that of Eastern Syria and Persia, in the oldest known form, whose composition is ascribed to the holy Apostles Addæus and Maris; (4) the Hispano-Gallican group (as Mr. Hammond ventures to call it), represented by the Gallican and Mozarabic Liturgies, "sister growths, and not derived one from the other," still bearing traces of that connexion which subsisted between the neighbourhood of the south of France and the region about Ephesus not later than the middle of the second century; (5) the Roman and Milanese books. Of the Coptic, Syriac, and larger Ethiopic services our author gives us only Latin translations, copied from Renaudot's great work, which we have already cited. Ludolphus, whose *Historia Ethiopia* (1691) is the storehouse whence nearly all we knew of the African Ethiopia until very recent times has been freely drawn, supplies a much shorter one from a transcript of an Ethiopic manuscript in the Vatican, to which Bunsen, with his hopeless inaptitude to see things in their true proportions, assigns an extravagant value and antiquity. For the Armenian, Prebendary Malan has been resorted to as our highest living authority, and he has permitted the use of his English version of the native Liturgy of that venerable and Orthodox Church. Various Nestorian services of a later date than that ascribed to Addæus and Maris are fully given in those very instructive if somewhat heavy volumes, Mr. Badger's *Nestorians and their Rituals* (1852). Such, in sum, is the extensive and trustworthy apparatus now placed within the student's easy reach.

Instead of an index of the proper names occurring in his Introduction, which we would have gladly welcomed while engaged in carefully studying it, Mr. Hammond annexes two admirable Glossaries of Liturgical terms—the first of Latin and English words, the second of Greek, which must be invaluable to a beginner, and convenient even to a good ecclesiastical antiquary. That on *Anaphora* may be useful to a cursory reader of the present article. He defines it to be "The most solemn portion of the Liturgy, the central point of which is the Great Oblation. It begins with the words *Sursum corda*, or their equivalents, which occur in all Liturgies, and includes the rest of the service to the end. In the sacrificial language of the LXX. *προσφέρειν* is used of the offerer bringing the victim to present before the altar, *ἀναφέρειν* is used of the Priest offering up the selected portion upon the altar (see, for instance, Lev. ii. 14, 16; iii. 1, 5)." The true character of each of the three several Oblations is important for the understanding of the whole subject. Mr. Hammond thus distinguishes them in the second chapter of his Introduction:—

It will be observed that three Oblations are recognized. The first Oblation takes place, in the Eastern Liturgies, in the preparatory service, and therefore is nowhere mentioned in the Table [partly given by us above].

It consists essentially of the contribution of Bread and Wine by members of the congregation, out of which the Priest took as much as he thought sufficient for the purpose of the ensuing celebration. From a very early period, however, this was associated with other gifts for the relief of the poor and the service of the Church. [The English Service-book carefully marks this difference between *aims* and *oblations* in the Prayer for the Church Militant.] The Second Oblation consists of the presentation of the selected portion of Bread and Wine (or wine and water) upon the Altar, in acknowledgment that all our earthly blessings come from God. It always belongs to the Missa Fidelium. Sometimes, as in the Ambrosian and English uses, the First and Second Oblations are united. The Third, or Great Oblation, takes place in immediate relation to the Consecration. It is the pleading of the one sacrifice of Christ, once offered; and the presentation, in union with that through which alone anything of ours can be acceptable, of ourselves, our souls, and bodies.

The prevalence to this day, throughout the Orthodox Church, of the Liturgy of Constantinople gives it a degree of importance which, by reason of its later date and composite nature, it would hardly possess otherwise. The oldest extant manuscript which represents it is one in the Barberini Palace at Rome, of the eighth century; but it need scarcely be said that every Eastern church and monastery is full of Euchologies dating from the tenth century down to the era of the invention of printing, and even long after, containing it in its three several forms of the Liturgy of St. Basil, that of St. Chrysostom, and that of the Pre-sanctified (*τῶν προηγιασμένων*); this last containing no act of consecration, and being said on the first five week days of each week in Lent as a three o'clock vesper service, the elements having been hallowed on the preceding Sunday. St. Basil's is used on the first five Sundays of Lent, on Maunday Thursday, Easter Eve, and the vigils of Christmas, Epiphany, and St. Basil. At all other times St. Chrysostom's is appointed to be said, and it always stands first in the Euchologies. The Pro-anaphoral is common to both, and, for the rest, "St. Basil's is a recast of St. James's, as St. Chrysostom's is an abbreviation and new edition of St. Basil's"; but, like all the other services of the Greek Church, they are far too long for the patience of a Western aggrieved parishioner.

We cordially wish good speed to this praiseworthy attempt to revive studies till of late almost dead in England, and will conclude with a specimen of Mr. Hammond's courage in handling another topic very familiar to him:—

The following instance will show what we mean by an argument for antiquity from a particular reading. In the prayer of the Little Entrance in St. Mark's Liturgy there is incorporated a passage from St. John, xx. 22, 23. After the word *ἐμψύσας* occurs the expression *εἰς τὰ πρόσωπα αὐτῶν*, a reading which finds a place in no Greek MS. whatever. But the two Egyptian versions of the New Testament, the Memphic and Thebaic, have the reading. What inference may we draw from this fact? Surely this . . . that, when these versions were made (i.e. probably in the second century), since they were made from Greek originals, there must have existed Greek MSS. of the New Testament, containing this reading. Further, since the reading seems to have dropped out of the Greek MSS. before the fourth century, the time of Codd. g and B., the prayer in which it is incorporated must have been composed not later than that time.

#### SOCIAL PROBLEMS.\*

MR. HERBERT SPENCER has much to answer for in being the spiritual parent of *Social Problems*. Not that Mr. Turnbull Thomson accepts Mr. Herbert Spencer's principles; on the contrary, he tilts straight at them. Mr. Thomson declares that, whereas Mr. Spencer holds that the right basis of philosophy is the doctrine of the perfection of reason, his own view is that it is the mean between reason and faith. Mr. Spencer says, "Every man has freedom to do as he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man." Mr. Thomson regards such equality as impossible, and believes in "unequal freedom," or "freedom in ratio." His creed is the "law of universal variation," and his rule of life "the circulation of good offices under the law of restraint."

Life is made up of opposite tendencies. Mr. Thomson does not attempt to reconcile them. He does not consider it his business to "make the diameters and asymptotes of the living hyperbola conform." What he undertakes is to weigh their differences, and estimate or indicate the causes or effects "in figures, by weight or measurement, in bearings, by the angles of divergence." He apologizes for having quoted freely from certain elementary mathematical rules. "But the clearness of illustration thus attained affords sufficient excuse." We shall give our readers an opportunity of estimating the nature of the light so shed. One of his first principles is that "a being with self-consciousness evidently cannot be within a point, which is illimitably small, while the body of self occupies a tangible portion of space." Yet man, though too bulky altogether for a point, must not be excessively puffed up in consequence. Mr. Thomson shows that he makes less than three cubic feet, while the diameter of the earth is 41,775,360 feet. The fact is, man's "body is, as it were, a point, all but infinitesimally small." But he compensates for it in his mind, of which every "idea is as a straight line, all but infinitesimally long." How a line can be, even though a thought, "infinitesimally" long Mr. Thomson does not explain. It is doubtless an example of his law of opposition, or "universal variations." But readers of *Social Problems* must not expect explanations. It is enough for them that human life "may be likened to an ellipsoid described by its orbit on the axis of life." It is a pity, but, though "incomparatively" this ellipsoid is the

\* *Social Problems: an Inquiry into the Law of Influences.* By J. Turnbull Thomson, of Lennel, Southland, New Zealand. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1878.

centre of the universe, mathematically it is not so. If man resembled the black marble prince of the *Arabian Nights*, his body, at any rate, might fulfil the condition, and enter into the sublime position of a mathematical centre. The centre of gravity, however, in the body is being perpetually altered by the motions of arms, legs, and feet. Physical organs, such as the sense of touch, keep up the communication with the outer world, and execute a parabola to perfection. The same laws which govern the relations of the body to the world inevitably affect man's mind also. Thus Newton's law, that masses attract each other inversely as the square of the distance between them, applies to the mind as well as to the bodily senses. A swimmer so gallant as are the gentlemen of Mr. Thomson's acquaintance will jump overboard to recover a lady's veil, if he sees it soon enough. "At one yard's distance there would be no diminution of influence; for the square of 1 is 1." Unfortunately for the lady's veil, at 100 yards the diminution of influence on the spectator's mind would have dwindled to 10,000, and at 1,000 to 1,000,000. When the influences act in varying directions, the degree of divergency is, according to Mr. Thomson, "calculable on the principle of the parallelogram of forces, the reduced effect being called the resultant." If in the moral world there were only a sun and an earth—that is to say, man and the axis of man's life—man would execute his daily orbit with the most delightful regularity. But there is a moon, who, by her caprices, disturbs man in his elliptic course. Unpleasant results might follow in the material world if the squares of the distances decreased indefinitely between earth and moon. In the moral world Mr. Thomson recommends this procedure. He promises a proportionate increase of attraction to his moral moon, moreover, in the same ratio as the square of selfishness decreases. Mr. Thomson obviously does not agree with the view of womanly attraction idealized in the coquette of popular novels. Still he warns his readers against supposing that uniformity is essential to human progress. On the contrary, the real law of life is universal variation. Universal variation is the basis of disagreement, and without disagreement there would be no motion.

Mr. Thomson is an optimist. It may not seem at first sight very agreeable to be launched along a moral asymptote. But, he assures his students, it will all come right if men will only get on a "parabolic curve." The curve may be "cut short." That will not matter to the true healthy life, which will have already reared a moral cone for its permanent habitation. At the same time, Mr. Thomson is, in another of his phases, a pessimist also. From this point of view man is always advancing to something better, which turns out on one side to be something worse. Liberty is a good thing; but without restraint of ourselves and others it degenerates into license and anarchy. "Freedom in ratio" is the principle taught by moral mathematics. Universal fraternity is impossible. So is autocracy; for autocracy is centralization of power; centralization is radiation to a point; a point has position, but no magnitude. Can anything be clearer than that a man, "even if he be a king, cannot be within a point?" Even if a king could find commodious lodging in a point, the convenience of other people besides himself has now to be consulted. Education is advancing among the masses, and education gives power. Mr. Thomson is perturbed by the thought that what he terms somewhat equivocally an "elevated housemaid" might like to live in a castle, "simply because education has elongated the rays of her mind, so that they encompass this ambition." For the moment there is a mistress of the castle already in possession, and the elevated housemaid is bid sweep up the hearth. How long mistress and maid will keep their present relations with widely diffused education Mr. Thomson does not seem very sure. He is less cheerful than is his wont on the subject of education in general. Highway robbery, he admits, is not so common as it was a century ago; but "forgery and embezzlement, the peculiar sins of education, have so mightily increased as one hundred times to exceed the other in deleteriousness." Pauperism Mr. Thomson regards with more composure than the education of the masses. It is true that nearly fourteen millions a year are levied in poor-rates in the United Kingdom, and that other thirteen millions are drawn from the nation in general for charity, public and quasi-private, "all of which goes to feed pauperism." But then the national industry and self-restraint have accumulated from savings a capital which returns just twenty-seven millions a year. Thus, "annual having balances annual saving," and the "true cone," capital, rests mathematically on a basis of which one element is pauperism, three paupers for every 3,000*l.* of income. Pauperism and capital are equally essential attributes of modern civilization. But there is something of a more spiritual nature than either, and that is credit. Credit, we are told, "is the ethereal part of man's externals, and has much the same relation to capital as the mind of man has to his body." Noble in its effects, it has a noble origin. The Australian savage when he wants to borrow from his fellow-savage an eel or a bit of opossum, mortgages his "gin," or, as some might call her, his wife. Here, again, comes in the grand principle of liberty and restraint. The savage could do what he liked with his property; but for the sake of an eel or an opossum he restrains his liberty. The restraint, "when measured, is under dynamical laws." But "the fundamental cause of the woman being the basis of credit is a statical one—namely, that through her her owner is restrained; and we have shown restraint to be ethereally the peculiar attribute of man as well as the foundation of his good work." Eels, opossums, and "gins" are the lineal ancestors or ancestresses of Banks of England and Consols. The whole theory

of credit, and, for all that we know, of the decimal coinage, becomes exquisitely clear. "Without debt there can be no credit." "As woman is the first basis of credit, so she may be said to be the first cause of debt. How many," pathetically, but ambiguously, exclaims Mr. Thomson, "feel this in the opposite lights!"

Whether the proper definition of a gentleman, the justification of game-laws, and the enfranchisement of women, are in the natural parabola of Mr. Thomson's course we do not know. In any case he has something to say upon all these topics, and he says it with good humour and with an agreeable copiousness of illustration. But philanthropy "takes us back to the parallelogram of forces," and any young lady who is tempted to enter life as a philanthropist had better survey Mr. Thomson's diagrams, and take warning in time. She may possibly, it is true, go straight from big A to big B, and turn out a Mrs. Fry, or other feminine counterpart of the Benevolent Howard. On the other hand, the probabilities are mathematically in favour of her being deflected along little *c* and *d*, and *a* and *b*. There are many side paths to one straight road. She might become a Mrs. Grigg, or a Miss Mogg, and "re-cork the cherry cordial," which Mr. Thomson considers accompanies the tracts of a hospital visitor, because a dying patient "has no sense of his situation." "Conceit, heartlessness, and sanctimoniousness" are, we should suppose, so many forms of ignorance, and the control over cherry cordial in a hospital ward decidedly implies strength. Accordingly, mature ladies like Mrs. Grigg and Miss Mogg, without being aware of it, are "sacrilegiously interfering with the dynamical law that knowledge should increase as the square of the years." Mr. Thomson occasionally has long lucid intervals, half-a-dozen consecutive chapters containing much information and no diagrams. Then, again, like a ticket-of-leave man refreshed by several years of wholesome diet and regular habits, he dashes eagerly back into his ellipsoids and his oscillations. If France desires to understand her great Revolution, she must study "the synchronous polarity which developed itself in the middle of the eighteenth century." If the doctrine of the Trinity is a stumbling-block to Mahomedans and European rationalists, Mr. Thomson draws five lines, and makes it perfectly plain that "in the ethereal universe there are three infinities yet one infinite." A diagram looking something like a box, but which is the "Stream of Time," explains the divisions of Christendom; and a picture of a cricket marquee, which, however, is really a moral cone, shows how "the 80,000 castaways in the streets of London have their mathematical counterpoise in the weak, the virtuous, and the pure of that city." It is unkind in Mr. Thomson, after suggesting that a knowledge of conic sections is equivalent to studying Kant and Bishop Butler, to remark that "mathematics can deal with the relative only; and this being the case, though we may even approach infinity, we can never reach it through mathematics." However, mathematics can get very close. It may be tantalizing that actual contact is denied; but ordinary aspirations after the infinite may be satisfied with coming as near "as the asymptote of a hyperbola is to the curve thereof." Mr. Thomson proceeds to remark:—"This chapter, on the relation of morals to religion, we begin to think, requires as much preface as a whole book." Except that his readers will have anticipated him in the thought, the volume contains no truer words. Only what Mr. Thomson begins to feel about one chapter, many of his readers may feel about all. He assures us in the last of his 360 pages that the principles of "synchronous polarity, reflected action, and transmitted forces" are equally apparent in the fortunes of the Roman Empire, the vibrations of a chain bridge, and the differences of opinion between Wesleyan and Catholic missionaries. If so, the laws of mechanics must be a good deal more confused than we had supposed.

*Social Problems* contains so much knowledge and so many interesting stories that it is a great pity it should be defaced with absurd cobwebs of diagrams, which give it the semblance of a poem rendered into Pigeon English. Mr. Thomson's studies may have given him a habit of viewing all things through a mathematical atmosphere; but he can scarcely suppose that his readers will understand his morality the more readily for having to translate it back again from mathematical forms into those which it naturally wears. If his plan be right, it would be equally right to compile special ethics for every separate profession and trade couched in its own phraseology. The lawyer should be taught to enter a demurrer to the proffered glass of sherry, and the grocer to balance the merits of his moral "crystallized" against his "Clyde crushed." Morals are one thing and mathematics are another. The only effect of putting the one into the language of the other is that the mind has two gates to pass through instead of one before being confronted with the idea it has to discuss. We rise from *Social Problems* with a feeling that O'Connell, when he branded the fishwife as a hypothenuse, may have not been talking witty nonsense, but enunciating a great ethical problem.

#### SOUTH KENSINGTON SCIENCE LECTURES.\*

THE lectures in connexion with the Loan Collection of Instruments at South Kensington, organized for the benefit of teachers of Science, were addressed to a much wider circle, and are here presented to the general public in a collected form. Though the range of subjects included in the first volume (now published) is

\* *Science Lectures at South Kensington*. Vol. I. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.



wide, the treatment is, on the whole, so clear that an ordinary reader of intelligence will have no difficulty in following the lecturer, and cannot fail to take away many new ideas. It is inevitable that something should be lost by the absence of the instruments and diagrams which enriched and illustrated the lectures as originally delivered, but there are numerous woodcuts which to a great extent supply the want and render the text intelligible. Some of the lectures, however, suffer much in this respect, and particularly the two by Professor Stokes, on the colours of natural bodies and on fluorescence. In this case it was found impracticable to reproduce the coloured diagrams; the clearness of the language, however, goes far to compensate for their absence, though the results are not so vividly impressed on the imagination. Perhaps exception may be taken to one or two of the lectures as being a little too technical; but it must be remembered that they were addressed to teachers of Science—wonderful beings who are supposed to understand every subject under the sun.

The volume opens with a singularly able lecture on photography by Captain Abney, who, by his patient researches, has done more than any other person to convert this somewhat despised art into a science. In the clear account here given, the reader will find fully explained (possibly for the first time) the simple principles which lie at the root of all photographic processes. If it has been his fate to have floundered through any of the ordinary hand-books of the art, he can hardly fail to be struck with the manner in which the key here supplied reduces the confusion to perfect order. In reading the concluding part of the lecture the conclusion is irresistibly forced upon us that we are on the eve of a great advance in photography, and that this art may soon do for colour what it has long done for form. It is interesting to compare, in Captain Abney's sketch of the development of photography, the difficulties which are now experienced in "fixing," or rendering permanent, the photographs of objects in their natural colours, which M. Becquerel has obtained, with the similar troubles which the early photographers in black and white had to contend with. Captain Abney's own experiments, in which he has not only succeeded in photographing the invisible ultra-red rays, but has given a rationale of the process, seem to open up new possibilities for photography, by removing the limitation of photographic action to the blue end of the spectrum.

We have already referred to Professor Stokes's lectures, which clear up many points of difficulty as to the origin of the colours of objects. As a general principle the colour is shown to be due to absorption, which sifts out the rays of other colours, and not to any peculiarity in the act of reflection. Professor Stokes, however, is careful to point out that there is an exception in the case of very opaque bodies, such as gold, copper, and some aniline dyes, which reflect light of the complementary colour to that which they absorb. Thus the colour of gold by transmitted light is blue or green. The peculiar property of fluor-spar and certain other bodies, by virtue of which blue light is given out under the action of the invisible ultra-violet rays, or red light under the action of the blue rays, has, under the name of fluorescence, received a full and complete explanation from Professor Stokes, and he now puts his great discovery in clear language before his audience, showing them how to repeat his experiments without apparatus. Of Professor Kennedy's lectures on the kinematics of machinery it may suffice to say that they give an excellent digest of Professor Reuleaux's book, which was reviewed in these columns\*, and that they were illustrated by the kinematic models lent by Professor Reuleaux.

The lectures on the steam-engine, by Mr. Bramwell, are so far disappointing that they make us wish for more. There is so much to be said about this prime motor, on which our modern life so largely depends, that a lecturer who, like Mr. Bramwell, is thoroughly familiar with the whole subject, naturally feels embarrassed with the mass of materials at his disposal. The sketch of the history of the steam-engine will be read with interest, and in this connexion it is curious to notice the slow steps by which the simple form of the direct-acting engine was arrived at from the original beam-engine, the idea of which had become rooted in men's minds from its convenience for pumping operations in mines. Having once got into a groove, invention had much difficulty in striking out a new path. Another curious point is that all steam-engines begin with a reciprocating motion and almost always end with rotary motion, which is the form in which the power is generally required to be delivered. Yet, of the numberless attempts at rotary engines, there is not one which can fairly be said to be a success. Mr. Bramwell enters at some length on the important question of the best form of boiler, the object aimed at in all good constructions being to combine a large evaporating surface with great strength, so as to avoid violent ebullition by which particles of water are carried over with the steam, giving rise to what is known as "priming." Another important matter in the efficiency of the boiler is the stoking, on which depends the complete combustion of the fuel. The advantages of expansion and condensation are clearly pointed out, and diagrams are given to show the gain in work which is got out of a given weight of steam by cutting off at half or quarter stroke, and allowing the steam to expand in the cylinder, so as to do work by mere expansion during the remainder of the stroke. The value of a condenser, which, by forming a vacuum, removes the back pressure of the atmosphere, is similarly exhibited. Mr. Bramwell's lectures

are so instructive that it seems a pity he should, in a book intended for the general reader, have presupposed a pretty extensive acquaintance with the subject. A few words of explanation here and there would have removed all difficulty, whilst there can be but little advantage in giving the bare names of various contrivances without any description. We are afraid that many readers may find Mr. Bramwell rather tantalizing.

In "Radiation," by Professor G. Forbes, we have an interesting account of the steps by which the identity of luminous and non-luminous vibrations was established. The idea that radiant heat, light, and actinism are only diverse manifestations of one and the same thing—radiation or radiant energy—is one which has made its way but slowly, and Professor Forbes's lecture will do much good in impressing the fact vividly on the imagination.

Mr. Sorby, in his lecture on microscopes, lays great stress on the importance of a suitable illumination of the object, and gives a remarkably clear statement of the principles involved. His explanation is all the more valuable because this is a matter which has been unaccountably neglected in text-books, it being assumed that the light gets to the object somehow, and that then the course of the rays is to be studied in due form. Mr. Sorby also touches on the interesting question whether some of the supposed minute markings seen with very high powers are real, or merely due to the circumstance that the waves of light are too coarse for the refinements of the modern microscope.

Mr. Bottomley and Professor Carey Foster deal with the cognate subjects of electrometers and electrical measurements. The former traces the various steps by which Coulomb's torsion balance, after many improvements at the hands of Faraday, was transformed into Sir W. Thomson's quadrant electrometer, an instrument which gives the same delicacy in measurements of static electricity as had been obtained for dynamical electricity with the reflecting galvanometer. Professor Carey Foster has a difficult subject to deal with, and he has perhaps given too many disconnected experiments; but the statement of some of the principles is very clear. The comparison of the capacity of a conductor for electricity to the capacity of a vessel for a gas, and of the potential to gaseous pressure, is very happy, and will do much to smooth over the reader's difficulties.

An account of apparatus relating to vegetable physiology, by Mr. Sydney H. Vines, completes the series of lectures in the first volume. Mr. Vines has brought together some highly interesting facts as to the conditions of the growth of plants and the germination of seeds. One important result is that light has a retarding, and warmth an accelerating, effect on the growth of plants; another is that gravity causes the root to grow towards the earth, in whatever position the seed may be placed. These conclusions follow from experiments with some ingenious, but simple, apparatus, which was exhibited at South Kensington. The lectures, of which we have given a brief outline, suffice to show that the Exhibition of Scientific Instruments has brought forth good fruit, and we are glad to see it preserved in a permanent form.

#### THE HEREFORDSHIRE POMONA.\*

TO a race that within living memory has never missed the May blush of apple blossom or the autumn crop of ruddy or orange and yellow fruit, it does not readily occur to go back to the beginning of things and to inquire at what time in our history the culture of the apple and pear and the manufacture of cider and perry first came into vogue. That it is on these productions in no small measure that Herefordshire, resting from its long Border warfare, has for many generations depended for a large part of its wealth, might be gathered from the traditional honour paid to the names of John first Viscount Scudamore, the friend of Buckingham and Laud, and the improver of the Redstreak as a cider fruit, in the days of Charles I., and of Thomas Andrew Knight, the President of the Royal Horticultural Society, and the widely-famed experimenter in vegetable physiology in general and in the hybridization of apples and pears in particular, during the reigns of George III., George IV., and William IV. A third epoch in the annals of Herefordshire Pomology may be said to date from the appearance of the first part of the *Herefordshire Pomona*, under the auspices of the Woolhope Club, which bids fair to throw new light on the rise and progress of this fruit culture, and also to stimulate private and professional growers to do their part in maintaining the reputation of their county. The present handsome instalment of that publication, borrowing its name apparently from Knight's *Pomona Herefordiensis*, published in quarto in 1811 by the Agricultural Society of Herefordshire, and availing itself of the best features of that truly scientific but scarcely entertaining work, begins with an excellent introduction by Dr. Bull, on the "Early History of the Apple and Pear." This is followed by an acute and intelligent criticism of Knight's *Work in the Orchard*, with appendices relating to his seedling apple and pear varieties, and the reports of the Horticultural Society upon them; and then we come to the systematic description and delineation of the best Herefordshire apples and pears of the present day. As for the drawings and chromo-lithographs, it is no impeachment to

\* *The Herefordshire Pomona*; containing Coloured Figures and Descriptions of the most esteemed kinds of Apples and Pears. Edited by Robert Hogg, LL.D., F.L.S., &c. Part I. London: Hardwicke & Bogue. Hereford: Jakeman & Carver. 1878.

the lady artists whom more than sixty years ago Knight pressed into his service to say that the comparison of the plates of the new and old Pomona speaks volumes for the progress of this branch of art in the interval. The nice and accurate work of Miss A. Ellis illustrates better than any verbal commentary the descriptions of the Foxwhelp, Pomeroy, Stirling Castle, Wormsley Pippin, Lord Suffield, Hawthornden, and other apples, as we see them in the orchard; and we have only to wish that the work may proceed with that thorough sympathy between artist and author which marks this first part.

We can barely glance at the folklore of the apple and pear, for which Dr. Bull has ransacked the stores of Cox's *Mythology of the Aryan Nations*, and the tales and stories of Naake, Grimm, and Thorpe. The presence everywhere in mythland of the golden apples shows how ancient and wide-spread has been the esteem paid to the foremost type of pomological fruit. The apple-tree and its fruit have also found favour, as Dr. Bull shows, with ecclesiastical writers, who associated the tree, *inter alia*, with the form and the wood of the cross. No small amount of curious lore has been unearthed from Pliny's *Natural History* about Roman apple and pear culture, whence we gather that, like our horticulturists, the ancients excelled in grafting, and named their seedlings and grafted fruits after themselves or their own fancies. It is still more noteworthy that Pliny records the manufacture of wine from apples and pears in his day, and the medical use of it as a cooling drink for invalids. We fear we must give up that wonderful bit of chronicle-lore in Henry of Huntingdon where one son of Earl Godwin is represented as entertaining another at Hereford at a banquet at which the heads and limbs of his attendants were served "in vessels of wine, mead, pigment, morat, and cyder." As this history was first published by Saville in 1576, the last word may have been an addition of the printer; and another curious early use of the word in the MS. Hereford Wycliffe Bible—believed to be of the date of 1420, and possibly written by Wicliffe's companions in their hiding place of Deerfold Forest in North Herefordshire—where in Luke i. 15 the angel's words are given, "For he schal be gret before the Lord, and he schal not drinke wyn ne sider," may have been only a local translation for *σιχηρα* or "strong drink," though it may also indicate that by that date cider was a common drink of the people. The earliest mentioned apples with which we meet in England, though William of Malmesbury speaks of wild apples or crabs in the reign of Edgar, in 973 A.D., are the Pearmain and Costard. The one occurs in a legal deed of King John's reign, the other in a fruiterer's bill of the time of Edward I. The derivation of the former, probably from the analogy of the last syllable of "Charlemagne," indicates "an apple resembling a large pear"; the latter, also known in England in the thirteenth century, the "Costard apple," has a literary interest as having given a name to the costermongers or costard-mongers. Dr. Bull's quotations from Beaumont and Fletcher and Arbutnot and Pope show that costermongers and apple-women have long been synonymous. Pears, it would seem, are a fruit that we owe, with the cherry, peach, fig, medlar, and quince, to Roman introduction, though there is but scanty mention of them in our early history. As many of the early abbots came from Normandy, and the monastic gardens were their earliest seedplot in England, we probably owe to them the introduction of the first known and favourite varieties. The most esteemed in Edward I.'s reign were the St. Régle and Passe Pucelle pears, both of French origin, though the celebrated Warden pear, raised first by the Cistercian monks of Warden in Bedfordshire, so famous in and after the days of Henry VIII., betrays a native growth. Parkinson's Warden is described as a "pound pear," and is, we are reminded, a large iron-hearted stewing pear. The expression "a pound pear" may be compared with Pliny's use of "Libralia" in token of great weight. To quit this part of our subject, it may be said that the date of the origin of English and Herefordshire orchards is very uncertain, and that of cider and perry still more so. From Bishop Swinfield's Roll these beverages would seem not to have existed in the thirteenth century. Gerarde, however, witnesses both to the prevalence of orchards and hedgerow apple-trees in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and also to the general appreciation of the liquor made therefrom. The orchards seem to have spread from Kent into the West in the course of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, though we are inclined to think, with one of the historians of Worcestershire, that cider may have existed from a much earlier period under some other name, or under that of wine. Evelyn, in his *Pomona*, an appendix to his *Silva*, containing his own practical views as to orchards, and those of the best horticulturists of his age, must have given a great impetus to the growth of apples and pears and to the beverages manufactured from them, and from this collection, and the two books of John Philips's Herefordshire Poem on Cyder (1700), may be gathered all that is known or surmised of their history up to the period of Lord Scudamore and the pre-eminence of the Redstreak.

It was with this once famous cider apple,

whose pulpy fruit  
With gold irradiate and vermilion shines—

a native of Herefordshire, raised from seed by Lord Scudamore, from whom it got its synonym of "Scudamore's Crab"—that Knight began the plates and descriptions of his *Pomona Herefordiensis*. Its merits were then reckoned far beyond comparison for the manufacture of the finest cider, and for its extraordinary celerity of growth. Some, it is admitted by Evelyn, capriciously preferred the Foxwhelp and the Gennet-moyle, which he held to be

too soft and effeminate for a judicious palate; but Nourse in the beginning of the last century sounded the note of the decadence of its cider, and Knight in 1811 pronounced that the Redstreak had outlived its ancient reputation. The Foxwhelp, which took the place of the Redstreak, holds its own still amongst the most esteemed varieties for cider fruit, with the Royal Wilding, the White Normandy Beech, the Yellow Styre (figured in Knight's *Pomona*), and Skyrme's Kernel; and the "Apple John" and Leathercoat of Shakspeare still flourish, with the same characteristics as in Shakspeare's time, under the names of "Winter Greening" and "Royal Russet." The Foxwhelp, however, declines to confirm Knight's theory that the efficacy of grafting is limited by the natural vitality of the tree. Dr. Bull shows that that great vegetable physiologist was mistaken in his view that "there is no renewal of vitality in the process of grafting, but that the scion carries with it the debility of the tree from which it is taken," and that thus the different varieties of apples have their term of natural decay. This belief sprang from the theory that a graft cannot live longer than the tree it is taken from, and rests on the assumption that the new wood proceeding from the graft is not a new tree, but only a detached part of the parent. "This," says Dr. Bull, "is a mistake. The embryo in a seed, the bud inserted in budding, the buds in a graft or cutting, differ only in their position, and each, as it develops, becomes a new individual, not a mere dependent portion of the parent." It would seem that Mr. Knight failed to take in the fact that every bud is essentially a new tree, with a new life, and that canker in apple-trees is due to divers causes besides old age; whence his famous, but unfulfilled, prophecy of a speedy end to the Foxwhelp. Modern horticulture, on the contrary, looking to the proofs afforded by the twelfth-century Pearmain and Costard, and those old varieties the Catshead, Winter Queening, Golden Pippin, London Queening, and Leathercoat, which are still propagated successfully by grafting, recognizes that, "where soil and climate conspire to the growth of the apple-tree, any variety may be indefinitely prolonged by care and skill."

In the new *Pomona*, the Foxwhelp leads off with a crimson bloom on the sunward side, which goes far to falsify Knight's foreboding of speedy decay. The Foxwhelp is, we believe with Knight, a truly Herefordshire apple," though Evelyn accounted it of Gloucestershire. The dark round patches often seen on its surface, which a novice might deem confirmatory of Mr. Knight's theory, are really formed by a microscopic fungus (*Spilocaea pomi*), common to other apples of old trees, and more abundant in some seasons than others. Its name has been referred to a supposed resemblance of its eye to that of a young fox, though others say that a fox-hunter found it, named it, and doubtless commended its pressed juice. Its home is in the deep clay loam of the old red sandstone in central Herefordshire, especially in the valleys of the Lugg and Frome. In the broad valley of the Wye its presence is to be looked for only on the slopes out of the reach of the river. Perhaps its slow growth and capricious bearing have kept it back from universal favour with the growers, besides which of late years the grafts have not succeeded well. All that is needed, however, is resolute and patient cultivation. Its liquor will repay a liberal outlay of pains by its strength, soundness, and peculiar musky flavour. We must own, however, to a sympathy with those who prefer its admixture for strength and flavour with cider of mixed fruit. Neat and unmixed, it is rough and strong, and liable to change colour on exposure. Hence, though we have quailed, under Credenhill, Foxwhelp cider which might have been deemed ambrosial for its aroma, we incline to the taste of those who, as Philips tells us, in his day

a compounded fluid drained

From different mixtures, Woodcock, Elliot, Moyle,  
Rough Elliot, sweet Pearmain,

most of which varieties have been commemorated by Knight. The fruit of the Foxwhelp is roundish, inclining to ovate or conical; the eye small and shallow set; the flesh yellow tinged with red. Our next delineated apple is the Pomeroy, of which an early and a later type are figured, that which has its striped and conical fruit ripe in October appearing to be the Herefordshire Pomeroy. It does not appear, despite its second name, to be of French origin; but more probably its home was some one of the Devonshire parishes which, when Norman French was prevalent in England, got this suffix—e.g. Stockleigh Pomeroy. This Pomeroy is "a dessert apple of great excellence, and its flesh is of delicate texture." It is mentioned by Philips (*Cyder*, b. i. 474). The later, or Winter Pomeroy, is rather a culinary apple, in season from October to December, of larger size, a greener and less ruddy skin, and more subacid in its yellowish flesh. Both may be found in the leading Herefordshire garden orchards.

We must pass briefly over the descriptions of the four remaining plates. The third begins with the Joanneting, Juneting, or St. John apple, so named doubtless like the Margaret apple, the Maudlin (and we may add, the Lukewards), to connect fruits which matured at particular seasons with the festivals of the Church in the middle ages. This little hardy, healthy, greenish-yellow apple has a slightly perfumed flavour, and is best eaten from the tree. The yellowish summer Golden Pippin, which, like the Joanneting, soon loses its freshness, is an early bearer, ripening about the end of August, whereas the John apple ought to be ripe in the beginning of July. We are told that the summer Golden Pippin makes delicious apple jelly. The Devonshire Quarrenden, or Sack apple, ripening in the first week of August, is particularly hardy and prolific in all soils and climates; but its



richly-coloured fruit in many a Herefordshire cottage garden is said to be larger and finer than in its native county. The Worcester Pearmain, said to be a seedling of the Quarrenden, is more akin to it in colour and texture than in its shape, which is more comical; it is ripe in August and September, hardy, and productive. The Herefordshire "Spice apple" is another approved dessert apple of a shiny yellow skin, deep crimsoned towards the sun. In the fifth plate the most notable specimens are the Spring Grove Codling, a cone-shaped seedling named by Knight in 1810 after the seat of his friend Sir Joseph Banks, and the Wormsley Pippin, named by him after his birthplace, and accounted by him the best seedling he ever produced. Both are famous culinary apples, the latter well approved for dessert. The "Stirling Castle," too, on the testimony of a Herefordshire grower, is, notwithstanding its northern origin, a "gem of apples." In the sixth plate, the "Lord Suffield," an early autumn apple for culinary purposes, and the later Hawthornden, also a kitchen apple, are deserving of special notice, though for crimson and yellow skin, sweet, tender flesh, and juicy flavour, we incline to prefer the familiar and fragrant "Tom Putt" of the Herefordshire orchard.

But we think we have said enough of this handsome first instalment of the new *Herefordshire Pomona* to recommend it to the notice of all owners and cultivators of orchards, whether amateur or professional.

#### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

FEW of the American colleges or Universities attain an English or German standard. The education they give is ambitious, superficial, and therefore unsound. The most highly boasted American institutions turn out very few scholars, though perhaps, in proportion to their whole number of pupils, fewer dunces, than their English rivals. In like manner the professoriate, though it includes men who would do honour to any English or German University, is, on the whole, decidedly inferior in depth and thoroughness of acquirement to the teaching bodies of France, Germany, and Great Britain. But in pure science, and in science applied to practical purposes, the United States hold their own with any rivals. The Geological Survey of the Territories is worthy of comparison with any achievement of European engineers and geographers. The naturalists whom the liberal policy of the Government attaches to every expedition that affords an opportunity of inquiry into new regions hitherto traversed chiefly by hunters, trappers, or traders, have contributed in a manner not unworthy of their special opportunities to their several departments of knowledge. The range of botany and of zoology has been not a little extended by American discoveries and investigations; and not the least important of those records of geological inquiry which have brought out new evidence in favour of the evolutionary theory came from beyond the Atlantic. American astronomers, in particular, rank with the first in the world, and the observatories of Washington and Cambridge are scarcely less famous than that of Greenwich, as that of Melbourne rivals those of Europe, while it has the special advantage of bringing within the range of its observations a part of the heavens inaccessible to Northern telescopes. Among the very few notable American books which constitute our list for the present month, the most valuable is a quarto pamphlet in which Professor Asaph Hall and Rear-Admiral Rodgers record the observations made at Washington upon the satellites of Mars during the opposition of last year. Mars enters into opposition once in about every two years; but, owing to the extremely elliptical character of his orbit, he is at some oppositions much nearer to us than at others. Again, according as he happens to lie far south or north of the Celestial Equator, he is favourably situated for observation in either terrestrial hemisphere. The opposition of 1877 was favourable in point of distance, but disadvantageous to Northern observers in so far that the planet was situated considerably to the southward. It occurred, however, to the chiefs of the official Observatory of the United States to avail themselves of this opportunity to search for satellites of the orb proverbially known as moonless. How speedily they startled the world with the announcement that Mars had two satellites no one interested in astronomical discoveries can have forgotten. There was no general reason to anticipate such a result. The satellites are so small that their entire mass could not affect perceptibly the movements of their primary; and though the earth has one moon, while all the greater planets external to Mars have several, the general order of the solar system did not encourage the expectation that Mars would in this respect resemble Jupiter or Saturn. He belongs distinctly to the inner class of planets—those four comparatively small ones which lie nearest to the sun within the ring of asteroids. Of these, the earth alone has a moon; though Venus was once supposed to have a satellite of considerable size, which, if it existed, could not but be habitually seen in the telescopes of the present day. The earth, however, is the largest, and Mars, if not in actual extent, yet in mass and density, is the smallest, of the four interior planets; and there was no reason to suppose that the single exception presented by the earth would be repeated in the case of a planet more resembling Mercury than either of the other two members of the same class. Satellites, however, he was found to have; both of them exceedingly minute. Regarded from Mars, the moon would present not merely a visible disc, but a circumference equal to one quarter of the earth's. The satellites of Mars at the same distance are smaller than any stars visible to the naked eye. They revolve round the planet with ex-

traordinary speed, and in close proximity. The outer, or further, Deimos, occupies a little more than one Martian day in performing its journey; the interior, Phobos, completes its circuit in eight hours. The latter, therefore, which is the brighter of the two, is for the greater part of its journey invisible, being hidden behind the planet or invisible from passing over its face; and when outside the disc it is still concealed in the glare from all but powerful telescopes. Only close examination of their movements could enable astronomers to distinguish these satellites from minute fixed stars, and until the observations at Washington in 1877 no one had supposed that Mars had any satellite at all. In fact, Mars, in the possession of satellites so small in proportion to their primary, is more exceptionally situated than was formerly imagined. It has been suggested that the earth has a second satellite too small, too near, too rapid in its movements to be detected from her surface, but which perhaps may be considered analogous to the newly-discovered companions of Mars, and may, for aught we know, should it exist, be visible to Martian astronomers. The details of Professor Hall's record of his work\* will of course be carefully studied by the members of his profession. The general results, as given in the first few pages of the text, will be interesting to amateurs at least, if not even to the general public.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams contributes a small and carefully condensed, but very interesting, volume to that discussion on the history and actual position of the railway system which is becoming more and more familiar to the readers of financial, and even of general, newspapers in this country.† The United States were not hasty in following the example of England. The establishment of the Manchester and Liverpool line in this country at once determined the success of the railroad as the chief highway of the future. It was a conclusive experiment, and Englishmen did not depart from their usual caution in deeming that theoretical expectations, verified by such an experience, could safely be made the basis of immediate action upon the largest scale. America had the advantage of such natural water highways as England could not possibly possess; and the population of the States, scattered as it was over an enormous area, had so concentrated itself upon these lines that there was not the same urgent demand for other and more rapid means of communication as existed in Europe. On the other hand, England was provided with a magnificent system of turnpike roads; America had very few, and those confined to the most populous and longest-settled districts. It is a curious fact that the first railway worked by locomotives appears to have been the railroad of South Carolina, certainly not remarkable for commercial enterprise among her sister States. It was not, however, very long before the peculiar adaptation of the new method of communication to American necessities became apparent to the keen intelligence of the people. The immense distances to be traversed between the settlements, scattered as they were over the most fertile portions of the soil, and the vast area for which communications must be provided, and whose value might thus be indefinitely multiplied, were suited to railways or canals and to no other artificial routes. The railway was obviously the cheaper and better method of the two, as well as the more rapid. Consequently, when once the United States took courage to incur the expense and the risks incident to the development of railways in a thinly-peopled country, it was not long before the lines extended far and wide through forest, mountain, and prairie. The system of construction was very early adapted to the conditions of the country; the engineers of America displaying a daring, and an appreciation of the necessity of daring, far ahead of that shown by their English competitors. Our Stephenson and Brunels could afford to construct their roads of the most solid materials, with the widest gauge, and at extravagant cost, relying on the rapidly growing traffic of a manufacturing and densely peopled country. In America there were comparatively few cases in which a traffic at all approaching in magnitude to that of English railways could be expected on an equal mileage. The success of the system depended on the power of making railroads at comparatively little expense, since their profit must be obtained from three, six, or ten times the mileage of their English examples. Consequently, American bridges are constructed, not, like the Menai tubular tunnel, to bear any weight and any speed—to be magnificent monuments of skill with comparative indifference to cost—but to carry lighter trains at slackened speed over trestle-work, or other slight constructions, such as could be erected at no great expense, and such as the Company could afford frequently to replace. Vast lengths of deep cutting, tunnels through mountains, level roads intended to save expenditure in coal and rolling stock at the expense of a heavy original outlay on the roadway, were exchanged for light roads adapted to the level of the land, steep inclines, and a careful avoidance of all those gigantic works on which English engineers chiefly prided themselves. Throughout the South and West the railways are even now chiefly single lines of slight construction, and the trains are run at a rate which even for English distances would hardly be endured by English patience. The latter part of Mr. Adams's work is devoted to an examination of the different methods on which the railway networks of different countries have been constructed. He ridicules, somewhat unfairly

\* *Observations and Orbits of the Satellites of Mars; with Data for Ephemerides in 1879.* By Asaph Hall, Professor of Mathematics U.S. Navy. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1878.

† *Railroads; their Origin and Problems.* By Charles Francis Adams, Jr. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.

as it appears to us, the doctrine laid down by the Duke of Wellington, that the railway is essentially a highway. A highway in the sense of being open to travellers and conveyances, independently of the general management of the road, it can never be. But in principle, as representing the light in which the relation of the railroad to the public is to be regarded, the Duke's remark exactly meets the truth of the case, and expresses the condition on which alone the problem stated by Mr. Adams can be met. After discussing elaborately the Belgian, French, German, American, and English systems, and concluding that it is, at least for the present, difficult and undesirable for the State to assume the actual ownership and management of such gigantic undertakings, the author comes to the general conclusion that the rights and interests of the public as well as those of the shareholders may be sufficiently enforced by publicity; by constituting Boards, not, like our Railway Commission, empowered to decide questions in dispute and to impose laws upon the Companies, but simply authorized to make the fullest and most minute inquiries into the conduct, accounts, fares, and freights of every railway, and to make public the result. In his own State of Massachusetts this method has been adopted with signal success. The railway problem in America presses as it presses nowhere else. Two abuses incident to the system which treats the necessary highways of a country as exclusively the private property of shareholders, to be managed in their interest, and which entrusts that interest to directors who often disregard it, prevail in the United States to a degree unknown elsewhere. Combination as practised in England, where there can be but one or two great lines competing for the traffic of the same extent of country, is impossible in America, where five or six distinct routes dispute the entire trade between the Western producing States and the various exporting seaport towns, from Baltimore to Boston. Consequently there has been an alternation between railway wars, when freights fell to a point ruinous to the railways, and confederacies, when they were raised to rates intolerable to the people; while in either case those wide districts which were subject to the monopoly of a single line had to pay far higher freights for a far less mileage than those which enjoyed the benefit of actual or possible competition. The Granger movement, which was a sort of public revolt against the intolerable injustice and inequalities of this system, and endeavoured to repress it by communistic legislation, was scarcely an unnatural outbreak of public impatience. Again, railways one after another fall under the control of men who use them for personal or political objects, and whose power, especially in a democratic country, is regarded with extreme jealousy and dislike. In one way or another these abuses must be put down, or they must be fatal to the security of railway property.

Two little volumes before us present a signal contrast in their view of American prospects. Mr. Emerson exalts the fortunes of the Republic\* with all the exaggerated eloquence which he and many other American writers and orators have borrowed from the French school. Admitting many faults, but insisting that democracy will provide a cure for them all, Mr. Emerson writes with a boastfulness and self-confidence which recalls the harangues of M. Victor Hugo, and which recent moral and political experiences might well have moderated. On the other hand, the author of the *United States Unmasked*† deals with practical facts and constitutional principles, arguing first—in terms which may explain the publication of his work in Canada—that the South was justified both on constitutional and on political grounds in asserting her independence of a power which had been for a whole generation used in a spirit hostile to her commercial interests, and which threatened a distinct invasion of her legal rights; and next, that, since the overthrow of the last defenders of State rights, the demoralization and decline of the States have become rapid and unmistakable. We may not agree with him; but, with all its exaggerations, the work may do good service at this time, if the author can but obtain a hearing, since even American resources and American energies can hardly endure much longer without serious injury a false commercial policy, and a corrupt official organization—the latter extending its influence from the politicians, Federal and local, through one stratum after another of social and industrial organization, until jobbery and speculation have become matters of course in every department of Government, and in nearly every large railroad or other commercial Company.

Two adventurers who lately travelled on horseback two thousand miles in the greatest and southernmost of the American States, have written a volume of eager and ardent eulogy on the prospects of Texas, the centre of a "coming empire‡," which may perhaps in time become too powerful to remain a mere fragment of the United States. The extent of Texas is in itself hardly compatible with the maintenance of the present order of things when once that vast State shall be peopled, as other by no means more promising parts of the Union have been peopled. No State, unless it be California, holds out at present attractions so various and so powerful. Texas contains an unlimited area of fertile soil under a climate where, despite the tropical situation,

Europeans can labour without injury to health. It draws to it especially an ever-increasing German immigration; and the Germans are, of all emigrating people, the most successful in rapidly organizing and extending national colonies. The tendency of English and Scotch emigrants, and still more of Americans, is to settle singly where they can find the fullest scope for their individual exertions. Germans found villages where they can depend upon the support and assistance of their neighbours, and they bring, moreover, to such a country as Texas a far greater variety of agricultural knowledge and enterprise than their rivals. The former peculiarity is especially important in Texas, because individual settlers are exposed to depredations, murder, and every horror of savage warfare at the hands both of Indian tribes, whom it is impossible to hunt down in the vast plains in the North and West of the State, and of Mexican raiders as regardless of international as of municipal law. Moreover, to render the soil of Texas fully available for the various purposes for which it is suited, such works of drainage and irrigation as imply co-operation on a considerable scale are required. The "coming empire," then, promises to be in large measure a German one; and though, in the absence of numerous and well-directed railways it must be very long before Texas can be fully peopled, there can be little doubt that, when so peopled, it will be among the most powerful and prosperous portions of the Union; and, should it cohere, it will probably be far too powerful to remain simply one member of a confederation of equal States.

A descriptive account of the islands of the Atlantic\*, from Jersey and the other Channel Isles to the Bahamas, from the Azores to Newfoundland, cannot be devoid of interest; especially as many of the regions described are very little known to English or even American readers. As the southern islands of the Atlantic are well worth a visit, but are not generally, despite all their beauties and advantages, attractive places of permanent residence, a somewhat extensive printed account of them is likely rather to be turned over in search of interesting passages and striking illustrations than to be closely perused.

The various inventions of which the telephone may be taken as the type and centre are, despite the interest they have excited and the frequent descriptions that have been given of them in newspapers and periodicals, very imperfectly understood, and, we may add, not very easily intelligible to the general public. Before Mr. Edison's late discovery—if discovery it be—rendered possible as it was by the Gramme machine, it hardly seemed probable that these inventions, striking as was their ingenuity and marvellous as was the power they developed, would lead to any important and novel application of electricity. But chemists and electricians have long been aware that, if Gramme's machine could actually produce electricity cheaply enough and largely enough to render it an available force, many of the most important conditions of chemical industry would be entirely revolutionized; and if either Mr. Edison or any other of the many ingenious men whose thoughts and energies are now turned in the same direction can so utilize or improve the machine in question, there is little doubt that electricity may become one of the most important practical powers, as it has long been the most signal marvel, among the natural forces at the command of man. The electric light, by turning night into day, night, as a contemporary has remarked, entirely alter the conditions of human labour. The telephone, the phonograph, and similar inventions, though not at present offered in a form that promises much practical use, yet obviously need no very great change to render them valuable for purposes of communication. Therefore a detailed account of their nature and applications, by an intelligent and well-informed writer, such as that before us†, deserves no little public attention. If the scientific and technical portions of the work could be popularized, and its general results condensed in a form intelligible to the unscientific public, the circulation of such an abridgment would probably be extensive.

A library of travel and adventure, edited by Mr. Bayard Taylor and published by Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong, and Co., comes before the public with a guarantee for its value such as few collections of the kind possess; and the volumes before us‡, in which the results of travel in some of the most interesting parts of the world are summed up in a coherent and condensed narrative, promise well for the general character of the series. One volume contains, for example, a condensed account of Speke's, Burton's, and later travels in the Lake regions of Central Africa; another popularizes the results of recent Arabian explorations; a third does the same work for Siam; a fourth for South Africa; a fifth for Central Asia; and we have in the collection, even so far as it has already gone, a gift which at no great cost might keep half-a-dozen schoolboys employed, greatly to their own satisfaction and the comfort of their families, during all the indoor hours of the Christmas holidays.

*Ishmael* § is a story of American life, professing to be true, and

\* *Fortune of the Republic*. By Ralph W. Emerson. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

† *The United States Unmasked: a Search into the Causes of the Rise and Progress of these States, and an Exposure of their Present Material and Moral Condition*. By G. Manigault. London, Ontario: J. H. Vivian. 1878.

‡ *The Coming Empire; or, Two Thousand Miles in Texas on Horseback*. By H. F. McDaniel and N. A. Taylor. New York, &c.: Barnes & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

\* *The Atlantic Islands as Resorts of Health and Pleasure*. By S. G. W. Benjamin, Author of "Contemporary Art in Europe." Illustrated. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.

† *The Speaking Telephone, Talking Phonograph, and other Novelties*. By G. B. Prescott. Illustrated. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡ *Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure*. Compiled and Arranged by Bayard Taylor. *Central Africa, South Africa, Arabia, Siam, and Central Asia*. Each 1 vol. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

§ *Ishmael; or, In the Depths*. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Author of "The Missing Bride," &c. Philadelphia: Peterson & Brothers. London: Trübner & Co.



probably at all events founded upon fact. The name of Bret Harte will suffice to secure readers for his last volume, *Drift from Two Shores*\*, published in the miniature series of Messrs. Houghton and Osgood. To the series of *Poems of Places*, issued by the same firm, the editor, Mr. Longfellow, has added three volumes on Asia†, not more successful than those of their predecessors to which we have had to take exception. The same publishers also give us another *Artist Biography*, that of Guido Reni‡, comparatively little known to English readers and amateurs; and a *Primer of American Literature*§, otherwise a brief enumeration of the principal popular writers of America, from Increase and Cotton Mather down to Whitman and Joaquin Miller.

A writer who, under the name of "Wilford," undertakes to explain the Evolution of Sound|| as a part of the entire problem of human existence, has some reason to rejoice that he is not a contemporary of the late Professor De Morgan. Now that that eminent writer is gone, circle-squarers, disbelievers in the sphericity of the earth, and other paradoxists, proof alike against mathematical and experimental demonstration, have no longer to apprehend that stinging and effective ridicule which he used to administer, and to which they were more sensitive than might have been expected from their indifference to all other forms of correction. When the public shall have proved, by the circulation of his book, its ready acceptance of the doctrine that sound is a substance, then "Wilford" will condescend to enlighten it respecting the remaining elements of the gigantic problem he is ready to solve. If not, he will, we are glad to understand, deem the world unworthy of the solution.

Mr. T. Sterry Hunt publishes a series of essays on natural chemistry and geology¶—the scientific history of the earth's formation—at once original in conception and most full and valuable in their treatment of the subject. To such technical works as a series of *House Plans for Everybody*\*\* and a new system of eclectic shorthand†† we can give no more than a mention; and we must also be content to notice in passing the second number of the *World's Fair*‡‡; the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*§§, which contains an article on the home life of the Brook Farm Association—the most famous of the various socialistic experiments of America, attempted chiefly by men and women of literary and intellectual repute; and the *South Atlantic Magazine*||| for September, of which the most interesting papers relate to Hampton's campaign in South Carolina and to the mineral wealth of her sister State to the northward.

\* *Drift from Two Shores*. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

† *Poems of Places*. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. Asia. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

‡ *Artist Biography—Guido Reni*. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

§ *A Primer of American Literature*. By Charles F. Richardson. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

|| *Evolution of Sound: a Part of the Problem of Human Life Here and Hereafter*. By Wilford. New York: Hall & Co.

¶ *Chemical and Geological Essays*. By T. Sterry Hunt, LL.D., Fellow of the Royal Society of London, &c. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. Salem: S. E. Casino. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

\*\* *House Plans for Everybody*. With many Practical Suggestions and 175 Illustrations. By S. B. Reed, Architect. New York: Orange Judd Co. London: Trübner & Co.

†† *Cross's Eclectic Shorthand*. A New System, adapted both to General Use and to Verbatim Reporting. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

‡‡ *World's Fair*. No. II. Paris—Philadelphia—Vienna. By Charles Gaudiez, Architect, of France. Professor James M. Hart, of United States. New York: Barnes & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

§§ *The Atlantic Monthly*. October, 1878. London: Trübner & Co.

||| *The South Atlantic*. September, 1878. London: Trübner & Co.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The Candidate who may be selected for the above Professorship will have to enter upon his duties forthwith. Dublin Castle, October 16, 1878.

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By authority of the Council of the University of Adelaide.

ARTHUR BLYTH,

Agent-General for South Australia.

8 Victoria Chambers, Westminster, London, S.W., October 8, 1878.

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Best Quality Strongly Plated.	Fiddle or Old silver.	Bead or Third.	King's or Shell.
12 Table Forks	£ 8. 0. 0	£ 6. 0. 0	£ 4. 0. 0
12 Table Spoons	1 10. 0	1 2. 0	1 0. 0
12 Dessert Forks	1 2. 0	1 0. 0	1 11. 0
12 Dessert Spoons	1 2. 0	1 0. 0	1 11. 0
12 Tea Spoons	1 4. 0	1 2. 0	1 11. 0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls	9. 0.	12. 0.	13. 6.
2 Sauce Ladles	6. 0.	8. 0.	9. 0.
1 Gravy Spoon	6. 0.	8. 0.	9. 0.
2 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls	3. 0.	4. 0.	4. 6.
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bowl	1. 6.	2. 0.	2. 3.
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs	2. 0.	3. 6.	4. 0.
1 Pair of Fish Carvers	18. 6.	1. 3. 6.	1. 4. 6.
1 Butter Knife	3. 0.	3. 6.	3. 9.
1 Soup Ladle	9. 0.	1. 4. 0.	1. 12. 0.
1 Sugar Sifter	3. 0.	4. 0.	4. 0.
Total	8 19 3	11 10 6	13 0 6

An OAK CHEST to contain the above, and a relative number of Knives, &c., £2 15s. A second quality of Fiddle Pattern Table Spoons or Forks, 25s. per doz. Dessert, 17s. Tea Spoons, 12s.

TEA and COFFEE SETS, silver-plated, from £3 15s. to £7 7s. Dish Covers, from £3 to £24 the set of four. Corner Dishes, from £7 10s. to £18 15s. the set of four; Warmers, £2 6d. to £15 15s.; Biscuit Boxes, 15s. to £5 10s.; Crust Frames, from 21s. to £10 10s. Repeating by the patent process.

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**GARDNERS, GLASS, CHINA, and LAMP MANUFACTURERS,**

453 AND 454 WEST STRAND, CHARING CROSS, LONDON.

### CITY OF LONDON BONDS.—DISCHARGE and RENEWAL

of BONDS FALLING DUE in the YEAR 1879.

In obedience to an Order of the Finance Committee of the Corporation of London, I do hereby give Notice to the Holders, registered or otherwise, of City Bonds, which mature within the ensuing year, 1879, as follows:

(1.) That the Bonds referred to in the First Schedule hereto will be paid off (out of Funds specially applicable to such purpose), absolutely and without option of renewal, at the dates at which they respectively mature.

(2.) That the Bonds referred to in the Second Schedule hereto will also be paid off at the dates of their maturity respectively, but that an option is given to the Holders of such Bonds to renew the Loans severally secured for a period of seven years from the dates at which they severally fall due, at the rate of Interest of 43 lbs. percent. per annum.

The Loans renewed under this option will be for the like purposes and on the same securities as the existing Bonds, interest being payable, as at present, by means of Coupons, at the Bank of England, negotiable through any Banker.

Holders of Bonds desiring to avail themselves of this option of renewal must signify to me their agreement thereto, and before their Bonds, for marking, to this Office, on or before November 18 next, after which this option can no longer be exercised.

This Chamber will be open for the purpose every day (Sundays and November 9 and 11 excepted), between the hours of Ten and Four o'clock; Saturdays, Ten and Two o'clock.

#### SCHEDULE I.

Bonds to be paid off absolutely.

Bonds issued under the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act, 1869, for constructing the Foreign Cattle Market for the Metropolis (part of Loan of £160,000) dated May 11, 1871, and maturing on January 25, 1879, viz.:

22 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 1 to 22 ..... 22,000

Bonds issued in respect of Rebuilding the Royal Exchange, secured upon the City's moiety of the Gresham Estates, maturing May 11, 1879, viz.:

3 Bonds for £200 each, Nos. 5 and 6 ..... 1,000

2 Bonds for £100. Nos. 7 and 8 ..... 200

8 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 9 to 16 ..... 8,000

Bonds issued under the Act to complete the Rebuilding of Blackfriars Bridge and for the Purchase of Southwark Bridge; maturing on June 1, 1879, viz.:

60 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 10 to 69 ..... 60,000

Bonds secured upon the Surplus Lands of the Holborn Valley Improvement, and maturing on July 25, 1879, viz.:

57 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 1 to 57 ..... 57,000

32 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 58 to 89 ..... 16,000

30 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 90 to 119 ..... 3,000

Bonds issued under the Act for effecting the Cannon Street Improvements, maturing November 25, 1879, viz.:

28 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 207 to 234 ..... 28,000

4 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 235 to 238 ..... 2,000

Total ..... 149,200

#### SCHEDULE II.

Bonds maturing with an option of renewal.

Bonds issued under the Acts for effecting the Holborn Valley Improvements, and maturing on January 1, 1879, viz.:

46 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 369 to 393, 670 to 610, 701 to 712, and 714 to 718 ..... 46,000

12 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 626 to 650, 790 and 791 ..... 3,000

7 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 677 and 678, 713, and 810 to 818 ..... 1,300

Bonds issued under the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act, 1869, for constructing the Foreign Cattle Market for the Metropolis (part of Loan of £160,000), dated May 11, 1871, or February 22, 1872, and maturing on January 25, 1879, viz.:

67 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 23 to 79, and 430 to 439 ..... 67,000

50 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 80 to 109 ..... 25,000

20 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 170 to 189 ..... 2,000

Bonds issued under the same Act for the like purpose (being Loan of £50,000), dated February 22, 1872, and maturing on January 25, 1879, viz.:

24 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 1 to 24 ..... 24,000

47 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 25 to 71 ..... 23,500

23 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 72 to 96 ..... 2,300

Bonds issued under the same Act for the like purpose (being Loan of £50,000), dated January 16, 1873, maturing on January 25, 1879, viz.:

20 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 1 to 20 ..... 20,000

Bonds issued under the Act for providing the Metropolitan Cattle Market, Islington, and maturing on January 31, 1879, viz.:

21 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 188 to 196, and 361 to 373 ..... 24,000

43 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 197 and 198, 199A and 200A, 201 to 203, 204A, 205 to 211, 215A and 216A, 217 and 218, 219A to 225A, 226, and 227A to 229A ..... 21,000

2 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 376 and 377 ..... 200

Bonds issued under the same Act, for the like purpose, and maturing on May 8, 1879, viz.:

16 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 387 to 392 ..... 8,000

8 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 393 to 398 ..... 800

Bonds issued in respect of rebuilding the Royal Exchange, secured upon the City's moiety of the Gresham Estates, and maturing May 11, 1879, viz.:

47 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 17 to 46, and 127 to 141 ..... 47,000

40 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 49 to 88, and 117 to 118 ..... 20,000

38 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 89 to 126 ..... 3,800

Bonds issued under the Act to complete the Rebuilding of Blackfriars Bridge and the Purchase of Southwark Bridge; and maturing on June 1, 1879, viz.:

121 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 70 to 175, and 406 to 429 ..... 121,000

217 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 176 to 355, and 431 to 477 ..... 108,500

50 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 356 to 405, and 478 to 492 ..... 5,000

Bonds issued under the Acts for effecting the Holborn Valley Improvements, and maturing on July 1, 1879, viz.:

14 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 719 to 732 ..... 14,000

40 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 733 to 759 ..... 20,000

18 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 819 to 836 ..... 1,800

Bonds issued under the Act for the Construction of Billingsgate Market, and maturing on July 1, 1879, viz.:

50 Bonds for £1,000 each, Nos. 1 to 20, and 53 to 82 ..... 50,000

51 Bonds for £500 each, Nos. 21 to 37, and 83 to 116 ..... 25,500

43 Bonds for £100 each, Nos. 38 to 52, and 117 to 146 ..... 4,300

Bonds issued under the Act for Rebuilding Blackfriars Bridge, and maturing on July 25, 1879, viz.:

4 Bonds for £50,000 each, Nos. 3 to 6 ..... 200,000

Total ..... £342,800

Holders of City securities will please observe that the above Notice does not refer to any Bonds but those which become payable in the year 1879.

Further information, if needed, will be furnished at this Department.

Chamber of London, Guildhall, October 21, 1878.

**PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP.**

Pure, Fragrant, and Durable.

Used by the Royal Family.

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DIMENTS.—E. LAZENBY & SON, Sole Proprietors of the celebrated Receipts, and Manufacturers of the Pickles, Sauces, and Condiments, so long and favourably distinguished by their Name, beg to remind the Public that every article prepared by them is guaranteed as entirely Unadulterated.—92 Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square (late 6 Edwards Street, Fourn Square), and 15 Trinity Street, London, S.E.

**HARVEY'S SAUCE.—Caution.—The Admirers of this**

celebrated Sauce are particularly requested to observe that each Bottle, prepared by E. LAZENBY & SON, bears the Label used so many years, signed "Elizabeth Lazenby."



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## THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1825.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.—DIVISION OF PROFITS.

The Company's business year will close on November 15, 1878, and to secure the advantage of this year's entry to the Profit Scheme, proposals should be lodged with the Company on or before that date.

The FIFTH Division of Profits will take place in 1880, and all who take out Policies during the present year will rank for three years' profits on that occasion.

For the very LIBERAL CONDITIONS of the Standard Policy, see Prospectus, which may be had on application.

## AMOUNT OF ASSURANCES.

Accepted during the last five years	£5,327,798
Subsisting Assurances	£18,992,833
Revenue, upwards of	£750,000
Assets, upwards of	£3,250,000

H. JONES WILLIAMS, General Secretary for England.

EDINBURGH—3 and 5 GEORGE STREET (Head Office).

LONDON—22 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C., and 3 PALL MALL EAST.

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## IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1803.—1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C., and 16 &amp; 17 PALL MALL, S.W.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000. PAID-UP AND INVESTED, £700,000.

R. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

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JOHN J. BROOMFIELD, Secretary.

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Applications for Agencies are invited from persons of influence.

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Accidents of all kinds insured against by the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY, the oldest and largest Accidental Assurance Company.

The Right Hon. Lord KINNAIRD, Chairman.

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61 CORNHILL, LONDON.

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

## THE AGRA BANK, Limited.—Established in 1833.

CAPITAL £1,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE.—NICHOLAS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

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Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.

J. THOMSON, Chairman.

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state of the retail Tobacco trade, through the recent advance in the duty, W. D. &amp; H. O. WILLS have introduced "Honey Cut," a Shag Tobacco, in Ounce Packets at Fourpence, and Half-ounce Packets at Twopence, which they recommend as the best possible value at the price. May be had of all the Principal Tobacconists.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS.

## FRY'S COCOA EXTRACT.

Guaranteed pure Cocoa, only deprived of the superfluous oil.

Sold in Packets and Tins.

TWELFTH EXHIBITION MEDAL awarded to J. S. FRY &amp; SONS.

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The Cream of Old Irish Whiskies, pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome.

Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. Dr. HARRALL says:

"The Whisky is soft, mellow and pure, well matured, and of very excellent quality."

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## VERY FINE, FULL FLAVOR, and GOOD SPIRIT.

This fine Old Irish Whisky may be had of the principal Wine and Spirit Dealers, and is supplied to Wholesale Merchants, in casks and cases, by

## THE CORK DISTILLERIES COMPANY, Limited,

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of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion.

## DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.—The Safest and most gentle

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OF ALL CHEMISTS.

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